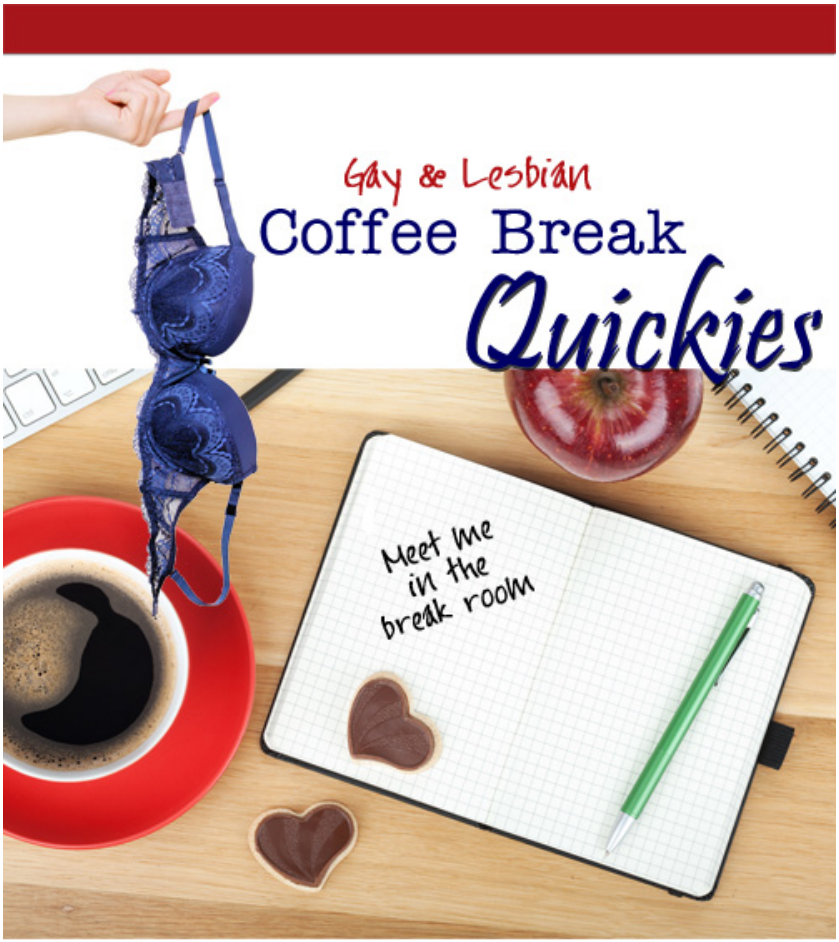

Gay & Lesbian Coffee Break Quickies

edited by K. Piet
Roger Armstrong

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Edited by Roger Armstrong & K. Piet

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Skype Wars

Rob Rosen

As our office grew, so did the need for alternative means of communication. I mean, why have your Outlook inbox filled up when you can just IM through Skype for those ever so brief, non-essential messages? Need to tell a few people to quickly gather in the nearby conference room? No problemo. Running late for a meeting? Ditto. Can't find a file in your impossibly complex network? Yep, same thing. Skype, thank goodness, was the answer to all our woes.

Lots of 'em, as it turned out.

And not all of them, well, shall we say, *work-related*.

See, once we were all wired together, I was quick to discover co-workers that I was only ever to know through Skype. Folks on various floors that I merely had tangential needs for. Like the lady in marketing who pointed me to some of the more esoteric company PR crap, or the guy in HR who helped me with my stock options, and especially the folks in IT for help whenever my computer regularly froze, shutdown, slowed up, or just plain old went loopy on me.

Anyway, *folks* quickly turned to folk, singular, once I found Craig. He seemed the quickest to respond and always with the correct answer, and generally with a little *bon mot* at the end of his short missives or an animated thumbs up when a problem was solved, a winking smiley face for yours truly.

Not that I had a clue what he looked like, though, seeing as his avatar was a simple computer monitor. Heck, I'd never even spoken with him on the phone. And with the IT department three floors beneath me, we'd never even had a chance encounter. Still, the connection was there, however electronic it was, something that made my slacks go *boing* whenever my Skype lit up telling me I had a message from him. Odd, yes, but true.

"Network is going down for thirty minutes today at the strike of noon, dude," he messaged me on that fateful day. "Just a warning."

"Fuck," I sent back. "Big project today. Bad timing. Help!"

"A curse word and an exclamation point," he countered. "Desperate, huh?"

If he only knew. "Anything you can do?"

The cursor blinked as he obviously thought it over, my heart thumping along with it, *lub-dub* in double time. "I can wire you through my system during that time frame. IT is staying up. Shh. Secret."

"Lifesaver," I typed back.

"Duh," came the rapid reply. "Click accept in a second. Gonna take control of your PC."

"Go for it. And secret safe with me."

Heck, just the thought of him live in my computer, connected with me even more than he usually was, made my cock swell and my balls rise. I gladly hit accept and pushed down on my throbbing willy as I watched him zoom around my computer, clicking and ticking in record time. And then, when all was said and done, up popped a picture of an honest-to-goodness thumbs up, as opposed to just the standard, animated one.

And there was Craig, smiling out at me, his face and hand and thumb filling my screen. Eyes so blue you could just about take a swim in them, and a smile to put the *Man on the Moon* to shame. Dirty blond hair, blond stubble, big Adam's apple, big thumb. Big throbbing cock, too: my own.

Craig. Aaah.

He returned control back over to me. "Thanks," I Skyped him. "I owe you one."

The cursor once again blinked. "Hmm," he replied. "Just one?"

Again my prick pulsed. "Name your price."

No pause this time. "Your monitor has a cam, dude. I showed you mine, now you show me yours."

I gulped as a trickle of sweat worked its way down my forehead. Was he just being his standard friendly self? Was I reading something into the line? Did it really matter? Because no sooner had he suggested it, I had my cam flicked on and tied in to my Skype, as did he.

On went my headphones and mic. "There, we even now?" I managed, voice trying, and failing, to hold steady.

He gave me the once over. Twice. "Pictured you older, dude." At last, a voice! His was deep and resonating, sending a million volts down my spine that ricocheted around my belly and formed a knot strong enough to dock a tanker with.

"Um, I pictured you more IT-looking," I countered.

He laughed, the sound like pebbles tossed at the shoreline. He stood and moved his cam from top to bottom. "Geeky down to my shoes, dude." Craig was tall, thin, and wearing Star Wars sneakers. No fooling.

"Got me there," I admitted, returning his thumbs up in kind. "And, again, thanks for the head's up today. Saved my ass." Again I gulped as I said it, the phrase never sounding so personal before, so, well, *lurid*.

He nodded and grinned, eyes twinkling like the stars in the heavens at night. "Nice view," he said, and then coughed. "I mean your office; it has a nice window view." A flash of red worked its way up

his neck.

I lifted the cam around for him to see it all before moving it from my dress shoes, up my slacks, and back to my equally red face. "Your turn."

He nodded and shifted his cam up and around. There were four of them in there. He was in the back corner behind a cubicle wall. No window view. No window. And still the view was spectacular. "Not as bad as it looks," he informed.

My grin widened. "Looks great from here." Then it was my turn to cough. "The office I mean. Looks fine. And, uh, dandy." Smooth I was not.

He chuckled. "Least I have a back corner. Private enough, I mean." Perhaps it was my imagination, but he seemed to emphasize that first word: *private*.

"And you can decorate as you like, I see," I tossed in, eager to keep the convo going. "Penchant for Star Wars it looks like. Apart from the snazzy sneakers."

His nod returned, the cam moving around his cubicle, landing on posters and action figures, returning to his sneakers and up, up, up his long legs, stopping, miraculously, midsection. "Another secret for you, Paul?" I heard whispered through his mic and into my headset, the words swirling around my head, both the top one and the middle one, which was standing at rapt attention within my slacks now.

"Go for it," I squeaked out.

He chuckled again as he pushed down on his jeans, cotton briefs appearing, and then Yoda's face a moment later. "Matching underwear," he whispered, the cam staying put.

My gulp made its triumphant return. "What's he, um, what's he holding?"

Craig paused. No cursor this time. Still, I saw his hands tremble as he unbuckled his belt, undid the top button of his jeans, and slowly, silently, slid down the zipper, until Yoda's body appeared, and then the light saber held aloft. Oh, and a telltale lump in in his undies. "*Whoosh*," he exhaled, which sounded much like a saber in action.

I unzipped my own zipper and reached my hand inside, cock extricated as I stared at the straining fabric across from me. "Looks like the force is with you, Craig."

He cupped his stiff willy. "That it is, Paul. That is it is." He bent down, face again center screen, index finger held vertically up to his lips. "Shh."

I held an imaginary key to my mouth and clicked it shut. "Secret's safe with me. But what about those lurking Storm Troopers?"

He shook his head and pushed his chair back a bit as he sat down.

"All busy at work. See no evil, hear no evil." He pushed his jeans lower down, a blond bush coming into view, followed by the base of his cock. "See."

I groaned into my mic. "Nothing evil about that."

He lifted his briefs up. "Yoda protects, he does." The briefs lowered, cock jutting out completely, thin and long, seven steely inches topped with a wide mushroomed head. "Dueling saber's, dude?"

I pushed my chair back. "One step ahead of you, Craig."

"Nice," he moaned.

"Really nice," I moaned back. "You sure you won't get caught?"

He stood, face to the cam, and smiled. "No worries," he whispered, standing back up, cock filling my screen. And then some. He ran the cam from the leaking tip, down the rigid length, over his straw-colored bush, and around his low-hangers, which swayed as he started a slow, even stroke on his pole of a prick. "More?"

I nodded into the cam. "Please."

"Aim to," he replied as he turned around, stellar ass now on my monitor, one glorious cheek to the left, the other to the right, both covered in a fuzzy, blond down, the crack hairier, and soon, thank goodness, parted. His hole winked out at me, haloed in curly dark blondness, the pink, crinkled center beckoning. "Hard-drive working properly now, sir?" He turned back around and again took a seat, cock in hand, as he winked my way.

"Up and running," I replied, matching him stroke for stroke, wink for wink.

"Anything else you need, just shoot," he said, no longer in a whisper.

My head tilted back, panting as every nerve ending in my body shot off Fourth of July fireworks. "Shooting," I groaned, cock erupting, a thick stream of come spewing up and out, dousing the carpet at my feet as a second shot flew, and then a third.

I opened my eyes just in time. He was in a squat, palm held out, fist stroking lightning fast until his cock was nothing more than a blur, and then, *WHAM!,* out it came. And came. And came some more. He moaned as silently as possible into the mic as his hand filled with ounce after ounce of thick, gooey, white spunk, which he soon licked off, every last drop, his face to the cam as I watched in jealous delight.

"Better now, sir?" he asked, cleaning it all up before popping it all back in his clothes.

"For now, Craig," I told him, once again typing away. "For now." Thumbs up. Smiley face.

Though the *for now* didn't last all that long.

"Where are you?" I asked first thing the next morning. His cam

was pointing to a space I didn't recognize.

He popped into sight a second later, naked and grinning from ear to ear. My mouth watered at the sight of him, at all that lean, hard muscle at his hair smattered chest, two pink nipples jutting out, and tight belly, which was rapidly expanding and contracting. "Server room, Paul," he said. "This is where all the magic happens."

My pants were already down around my ankles. "I can see that." I shook my cock at the cam.

"So it looks like," he retorted, pointing the cam down to the floor, which he was on a moment later, flat, legs wide, bent at the knee, cock and balls and hole center frame. Those and a nifty, lit-up light saber that he quickly brought into view. "Yesterday, you said that the force was with me, Paul," he said, staring into the cam with that beautiful smile of his. "Well, how about *in* me?"

My cock thickened in my grip. I spat down and lubed it up. "*Fuuuck*," I exhaled.

"Exactly, Paul."

The saber and his hole and his prick already seemed to be lubed up. Lucky saber and hole and prick. And luckier me as I watched him place the tip of said saber against his exposed chute. In it slid, slowly and surely, his back arching, a soft moan filling my ear. Deeper it went, deeper still, his stunning eyes again on me as I stroked merrily away.

"The force is strong in you, yes?" I panted.

"Fuck, yeah," he grunted, shoving it in, and then out, in, out, deeper and deeper with each thrust as he pounded his prick, balls bouncing all the while. "Put your cock up to the cam, Paul. Show me the hole. Wanna watch it shoot."

I grabbed the cam with my free hand and did as he asked. "Zoom in on the action, Craig," I told him.

My screen filled to the brim with all that beautiful flesh of his as that green tube of light sunk inside, balls tightening now. His and mine both. "Coming," he quickly groaned, jizz flying up before raining down, dripping off his nuts and onto the floor as his asshole clenched tight around the saber.

"Coming with you, Craig," I rasped back, ass grinding into the leather seat as my cock erupted and my entire body quaked, a thick load hitting the floor in a creamy, aromatic mess. "Mmm," I added.

"Mmm, indeed," he replied, watching intently as my cock dripped and shook. "Have a nice day, sir." The cam went black as a message appeared on my Skype screen. "And may the force be with you, too."

I pushed my semi back inside my slacks. "Already is," I typed. "But mostly staining my carpet something fierce."

"LOL." Smiley face. Thumbs up. Horned devil.

And that last emoticon gave me an idea.

When I turned my computer on, bright and early, my Skype roaring to life, the server room on my screen yet again, I didn't let my fingers do the walking so much as my legs. Down I went, elevator whooshing me to the basement as my belly churned and my cock swayed inside my slacks.

The door was locked. I knocked with gusto. "Who is it?" The nervous reply came from behind the wood.

"Saber repair," I informed, unzipping my fly as the beast was released and soon swaying.

There was a pause before I heard the door unlock. It creaked as he opened it, his face on the other side, the smile wide, the eyes even bluer in person. He stared down at my fifth limb, and then at his own. "They don't seem all that in need of repair, Paul."

I eagerly closed the gap between us, my face brought up to his. "Not yet anyway, Craig," I said, lips colliding, which was much like landing on a cloud as our tongues swirled together and he yanked me tight into him. "Not yet."

Hands On

K. Piet

It was a slow day at the massage clinic, and Sarah fucking hated it. Sure, there were some slow days that weren't so bad, but this one left nothing at all to break the tedium. Every five minutes, she would look up at the computer screen attached to the wall and find her column in the schedule. She'd had two appointments mid-morning, but after that? A big fat nothing for six hours straight. That's what you got when you lived in a small town prone to snow storms from October through April. One would think a little flurry wouldn't get in the way of most clients, but that wasn't the case this time. With the promise of a big storm next week, everyone was more worried about getting extra food and fuel than getting a massage that might prevent the back cramps from shoveling for three hours straight.

And when clients didn't make appointments—or worse, no-showed for appointments they *had* made—nine times out of ten, it meant no money. No money meant more worries, and more worries meant Sarah couldn't just distract herself by reading a book. If the snow weren't already falling, she might have taken a walk. The pine trees always smelled nice when blanketed by a fresh layer of light snow. However, she didn't dare leave her post by the computer screen.

If someone suddenly walked in and, miracle of miracles, made an appointment on the fly, Sarah wasn't going to lose the opportunity. Most of the other therapists had already begged off and gone home, but there were a few more hours left in the work day. There was still a chance to get a little work done if someone would just call in or show up.

Sarah looked at the computer screen for the eighty-billionth time and sighed. She felt a headache brewing and knew it was from clenching her jaw and obsessing over her schedule. The spa-themed relaxation music filtering into the break room from the main hallway was designed to melt away tension. Why didn't it work on her? Had she just heard the tunes too many times to reap the benefits? So much for Sound Therapy and all the shit management had said at their last meeting. Authorized music only, consistency for the clients' sakes, blah blah blah. Give her music with a damn beat over the La La Land with nature sounds any day.

The door suddenly swung open, drawing Sarah's attention momentarily away from the screen.

"Any luck yet for either of us?"

The Irish lilt of Gwen's voice made warmth bloom in Sarah's chest,

and Sarah hid her lopsided smile by looking at the screen again. She followed Gwen's column to check her appointments and shook her head, comparing their workloads. "Nope. Nothing new since you left for lunch."

"Damn. I had high hopes." Gwen hung up her coat, and then unraveled her scarf as she crossed to the tiny table where Sarah sat. She leaned over for a closer look at the screen, and her scarf brushed against Sarah's arm.

It was a casual movement, but Sarah tensed. It wasn't that the scarf was damp from the falling snow or because the contact was unwelcome. It was the scent. For an instant, she could smell Gwen, that spicy warmth with a hint of green underneath. It was a fragrance that made Sarah visualize Gwen's pixie-like figure running nude through some Irish wilderness at the height of summer.

"Huh?" Sarah's attention snapped back to the present. Gwen had been talking, and she'd been too distracted by Gwen's proximity to decode the accented words.

Gwen just laughed and squeezed Sarah's shoulder before pulling off her gloves. For a woman with small hands, Gwen had quite a grip. That, or Sarah was more tense than she realized. "I was saying three appointments in a day this long almost makes me want to give up."

Sarah groaned. "I know. Be happy you managed three before lunch. All the rest are going to Justin." She waved her hand at the screen. "Fully booked, as usual. I swear, the guy doesn't have an opening for the next four months straight, and his clients *never* no-show."

"Bastard," Gwen mumbled, but even that was accompanied by a smile. Nothing seemed to phase Gwen, and Sarah envied that kind of optimism. Gwen always had a smile on her slender lips, and it made her silvery blue eyes sparkle with an inner light.

Sarah forced herself to look way and ran a hand through her own hair. There was a snarl in the long, black curtain of it, and she frowned as she tried to work it out with her fingers. Sometimes, long hair was a pain in the ass, but she felt she owed it to her not-so-distant Navajo roots to keep the length of it as nice as possible.

"You look so tense." Gwen's hands moved to Sarah's shoulders, and no matter how hard Sarah tried to relax, it was impossible not to freeze. Casual contact was typical at work, but Gwen was usually too busy to give Sarah more than a quick squeeze.

"I'm a wreck," she admitted through clenched teeth.

Gwen hummed from behind her, and those hands moved from her shoulders down along her spine, palpating the major muscle groups. It hurt and felt good all at once. She even forgot to look at the computer screen. There wouldn't have been a difference anyway. No one but

Justin's clients was going to show up. "That's it. Head into Room Three and get on the table."

Sarah loved the way the word 'three' became 'tree' when Gwen said it, and it took a second longer for the meaning of the sentence to actually sink in. She turned in her seat, perking up. "You want to trade?" It wasn't unheard of to trade massages on slow days, but management didn't like it. They preferred the therapists to pay like everyone else, of course, but Sarah had secretly wanted to receive work from Gwen for ages. She had a great reputation for deep tissue work, and she didn't cut sessions short when she worked on co-workers. If Gwen wanted to trade, Sarah was all ears.

Gwen tilted her head, her blond bangs falling into her face for a moment as she looked Sarah up and down. A rush of heat sped through Sarah. That wasn't fire in Gwen's eyes; Gwen was just assessing the damage, right? Sarah knew her posture was fucked beyond all recognition after working longer hours than she should week after week. No, there was nothing more in those silvery eyes than a desire to help relieve pain and tension. Anything else was just fantasy on Sarah's part; she was sure of it.

"No trade," Gwen announced. "I want you on the table for at least a full hour."

"Uh... okay." What else could Sarah say to that? She'd owe Gwen a favor, but that wasn't a bad thing. Working on Gwen would be another secret pleasure. She stood from the table, excitement starting to tingle through the soreness of her muscles. "Room Three, then."

"Face down," Gwen said with a broad grin. "I'll tell the front desk and meet you in there."

With that, Gwen spun around and left the break room with a distinct bounce in her step that made Sarah smile. It was nothing special to see Gwen happy, but to be the source of it was something new. Sarah took a second to enjoy it before leaving the brightness of the break room for the dim hallway.

Room Three was only a handful of steps away, right past the tiny supply room and the bathroom at the back of the clinic. Sarah could see Justin saying goodbye to his most recent client who was blissed out in a way that somehow annoyed Sarah. She was happy the client had enjoyed his time with Justin, sure, but dammit, she wished she was booked half as consistently as he was. Regular, returning clients were the bread and butter of the business.

Justin gave her a smile and a fist pump. It must have been a great session. Sarah felt the tension creeping up on her again and quickly waved back before ducking into Gwen's room. She made quick work of her clothing, draping everything on the spare chair in the room, including her bra and panties. All massage therapists learned quickly

to get over insecurities and go the full monty, and she was certainly no exception. If Gwen wanted to work her back and glutes, then Sarah didn't care if she was completely undraped, anything to give Gwen all the access she needed.

Sarah purred as she climbed onto the massage table and slid between the sheets. The table warmer was on, and everything was smooth and toasty. That alone helped dial Sarah's tension back a notch, and she positioned herself on the table, adjusting the face cradle until her neck was comfortable. There was a scent of citrus and spice wafting to her nose, and Sarah smiled against the padding of the face cradle. Gwen must have rubbed a little aromatherapy lotion along the ridge of the face cradle cover. Sarah made a mental note to try that in the future. It reminded her of Gwen, and that vision of Gwen naked in the woods popped into her mind again. Beautiful, sprite-like with her blond pixie-cut, so forbidden. It was an intoxicating fantasy that made Sarah tingle between her legs. Her hand inched toward her groin, her fingers wiggling between her body and the sheets to play along her folds.

A knock at the door made her jump, her hand snapping back to her side in an instant. "Come in!" she called, cursing the crack in her voice and the pounding of her heart as Gwen quickly stepped into the room and turned the lights down.

"Nice and comfortable?" Gwen asked as she tidied up the sheets over Sarah's body. Sarah's answering grunt made Gwen laugh. "I know. Your back hurts, and you probably have a lot of tension in your neck and glutes, too. Anything else you'd like me to pay attention to?"

Sarah could name a few things at the moment, but none of them were appropriate, so she just mumbled into the face cradle. "Do whatever you like. I'm game."

"All right," Gwen chuckled, and Sarah could hear her rubbing her hands together to warm them. "I'll just go where I feel you need the most attention. Let me know if my pressure gets too deep or you want me to move on."

"Got it," Sarah said, sighing happily when the weight of Gwen's hands settled at her shoulder blades and pressed through the blanket and sheet.

Gwen started with a few compressions along Sarah's spine. The pressure was perfect, little adjustments making her spine pop in the best way possible. Barely a minute or two into the session, and she already felt three inches taller. It didn't bother her at all when Gwen drew the blanket and sheet back from her back and spread warm lotion over her skin. It was luxurious, and Gwen had amazing pressure. Her hands and forearms seemed to flow along Sarah's curves, pausing at the perfect moments to address the tense spots along her

shoulder blades and down along her lower back.

There was some sort of trigger point at the upper portion of her left glute, and once Gwen was finished working along Sarah's back, she rubbed at it with her fingertips. It drew Sarah out of her pleased haze enough to hear Gwen speaking over the relaxation music. "How much draping do you want over your glutes, Sarah?"

"Shhee rnn thwaay..."

Gwen paused for a moment, "I'm sorry? Sheets stay?"

Sarah hadn't even realized she was mumbling, and she blushed against the face cradle, glad Gwen couldn't see her cheeks at the moment. Well, not the blushing cheeks, at least. "Sheets are in the way," she said more clearly. "You can move them. I'm not modest."

"Glad to hear it," Gwen murmured, her voice lowering a bit in a way that played awful tricks on Sarah's pleasure-addled brain. That tone made it sound like Gwen wanted to see her naked. The tingling Sarah had felt before Gwen entered the room resurfaced with a vengeance. She squirmed a little, parting her legs slightly as Gwen replaced the sheet over her back and undraped her left leg up to her lower back. Gwen pulled the drape taut against the crack of Sarah's ass, but Sarah knew from experience that the drape wouldn't stay in place. All for the best; a loose sheet meant less temptation to rub herself against something.

Gwen proved her strength as she warmed up Sarah's glute. God, the tiny woman had hands of steel. It was like she'd been a blacksmith or warrior in a past life, someone big and burly and significantly more than five foot two. Sarah couldn't help but tense and moan. The pain was intense in places, and she had to force herself to breathe at the same even pace Gwen did. It was nice that Gwen breathed audibly, tried to help her through the tension, but it wasn't just pain that had Sarah squirming against the table.

Gwen's hands were only inches away from where Sarah truly wanted them, and the proximity alone was enough to make her wet. She just hoped Gwen didn't notice when she finally moved on from Sarah's left glute and pulled the drape back into its proper place.

The right glute was given the same treatment, but it was even more torturous because there was less pain on that side. Less pain meant more pleasure, and she was sure her moans were sounding more and more obscene the longer Gwen worked on the area. Thank God Justin's room was on the other side of the clinic and he had another client. Still, there was the slightest chance one of the front desk workers could walk back to get something from storage and hear them. Would they know the difference in the tone of her moans? Would they disturb them with the news that one of them had a client and had to stop? Sarah's heart raced at the thought, and she was

desperate to make the most of every moment, just in case it suddenly ended.

When Gwen abruptly stopped massaging and re-draped Sarah's right leg, Sarah was afraid their time was up. It hadn't been an hour already, had it?

"Time to turn over," Gwen all but purred at her.

Sarah sighed her relief, but turning over meant being more exposed. She wouldn't be able to hide her expressions, and without the tension in her ass to use an excuse, she'd have to keep from moaning. She bit the inside of her cheek as she flipped over onto her back, scooting down so her head was on the table instead of the face cradle.

Gwen adjusted the sheets and moved the bolster up so it settled under Sarah's knees. It was all Sarah could do to steady her breathing and not fidget. Gwen moved up over her head and smiled down at her in the low light. Gentle hands gathered up Sarah's hair, combing through it to smooth it up above her head. "Such lovely hair," Gwen complimented. Sarah wondered if Gwen could see how hotly her cheeks burned. "I don't know how you manage to keep it so long. Mine gets unruly if it grows past my shoulders, much less down to my arse like yours."

"I can't imagine you with long hair. Short looks... amazing on you. You always look good." It sounded so lame coming out of her lips like that, even if she adored Gwen's short hair, all golden and feathery light. Gwen had hair that would look wonderful all tussled after a nice, long romp. God, Sarah was blushing again. It would be impossible for Gwen not to notice at that point, no matter how low the lights were.

Gwen grinned down at her. Shit. Sarah tried to backtrack, to find something neutral to say, but before she could open her mouth and force words out, Gwen purred, "Thank you. I like your looks, too. There are parts of you I could never enjoy on myself..." Gwen's voice faded for a moment as she started working on Sarah's neck. The smooth, fluid movements from hand to hand lulled Sarah into a haze of cervical bliss. "Like your hair. Long and dark, so smooth and heavy. And your skin. I'd look funny with any sort of tan, but your skin has that light cinnamon gold to it."

Sarah was only a quarter Navajo, so the color wasn't as distinctive as several of her co-workers', but she'd never been complimented on it before. It made her feel warm inside to know Gwen thought she was attractive. It was a shame that's as far as it went. At least, that's what Sarah convinced herself. She didn't like to get her hopes too high.

"You know what else I like?"

"Hmm?" Sarah hummed curiously as Gwen's hands swept over her

collarbones and shoulders before pulling back up under her neck to her skull. The pattern repeated once more before Gwen's warm hands slid under the sheet. It happened too quickly. One second, Gwen's fingers were at her collarbones, and the next they were cupping her breasts, kneading gently. Sarah's eyes snapped open, and she gasped, her hands twitching, jerking up to grab Gwen's wrists. But she couldn't get them all the way up to Gwen's wrists, couldn't bring herself to stop the gentle kneading that felt so damn good. "Gwen?"

"I like your breasts," Gwen whispered. The glint in those light eyes had to be desire. Sarah was sure of it now. She wasn't just imagining things. What the hell did that mean? "Does it bother you?"

Did what bother her? Gwen liking her breasts or the way those fingertips began to play with her nipples beneath the sheet? Another breath shuddered out of Sarah, and no matter what the question meant, the answer was, "No. Doesn't bother me a bit." It felt too good, and the sudden brightness of Gwen's smile made her more confident in the answer.

"I'm glad." Gwen said before stepping around to Sarah's side. Her hands left just long enough to pull back the blanket and sheet from Sarah's chest down to her waist. The air of the room was cool, hardening her nipples almost instantly, but then Gwen's hands were back, and she moaned as they fondled her with just enough lotion to glide sensually.

Was this really happening? Was Sarah caught in her own fantasy? Was she spacing out and dreaming while on the table? She'd heard of that happening, of clients having vivid dreams during really amazing bodywork, but it had never happened to her before. If it wasn't a dream, then Gwen was actually touching her, teasing her. The lustful expression on that quirky, beautiful face was real.

Gwen's smile turned impish, and their eyes remained locked as Gwen bent forward and drew Sarah's nipple between her lips. Sarah gawked, but then Gwen began suckling, and a ragged moan escaped her. She lifted her hands, squirming as the suction grew stronger. Her fingers reached for Gwen's hair, but the wonderful heat of Gwen's mouth pulled away before she could touch. "Wha—?"

"Don't try to help me," Gwen admonished with a grin. "You're guarding. Just let me move you as I need to."

It was common advice to clients. Sarah had lost count of the times she had told people to just breathe and relax instead of moving their limbs or trying to help her. But Gwen was a fellow therapist. She knew Sarah wasn't guarding. She'd been trying to touch, and Gwen wanted her to stay still instead? "You little—"

"Sticks and stones, Sarah," Gwen tsked. "If you want me to continue this massage, you'll relax and stay still."

It was an ultimatum, now? Sarah laughed softly, shaking her head. She should be scowling, but she couldn't find enough anger to conjure any expression other than a silly, giddy grin. "You're the therapist," she said at last, tucking her hands beneath her hips.

Gwen purred above her, and the sound sent heat pooling at Sarah's groin. Just the knowledge Gwen wanted her was enough to make her sex slick. Gwen returning to her nipples and sucking hard at each one in turn just made matters worse. Sarah moaned openly now, praying no one outside the room could hear. Gwen's hands weren't idle on her. It seemed Gwen was determined to continue the actual massage, even if there were forbidden, erotic additions to her technique. Sarah voiced no complaint.

Her arms were given a quick once over, as were her legs. Sarah had no idea how someone as tiny as Gwen was able to massage while also sucking her nipples to the delicious point of pain, but there was no denying Gwen's skill in that matter. Sarah's nipples throbbed by the time Gwen's warm fingertips slid beneath the drape once more.

Sarah had a moment of uncertainty then. She hadn't shaved. She never shaved down there, and she knew a lot of women trimmed really close or even got the area waxed every few weeks. She hadn't expected any sort of intimacy on the horizon, and it made her terribly self-conscious to think perhaps Gwen would think again after feeling the bush of hair between her legs.

She blushed as she forced her hands to stay in their place, looking almost fearfully up at Gwen, trying to read the expression on Gwen's face. "I... I'm sorry..."

"For what?" Gwen asked. "I don't feel anything to be sorry about. I just feel a bit of tension down here that I think I can help with."

Just like that, Sarah's fears went from overwhelmingly urgent to incredibly silly. Gwen didn't care about her pubic hair. Gwen was as unfazed as ever, actually. Sarah released a breath she hadn't even known she was holding, and her entire body relaxed into the heated massage table again. "I don't know," she teased softly. "That's a chronic bit of tension there. Think you can work it out?"

"Maybe not in one session," Gwen laughed, "but I'll do my best."

The thrilling thought of having more than this moment with Gwen was quickly lost under the tide of pleasure as Gwen's fingers slid against her, exploring her intimately. They quickly found the nub of her sex, and every touch there sent jolts of pure pleasure through her. God, she was so worked up, she was already trembling on the table.

"God, your gee is so wet. I bleedin' love that," Gwen breathed. Her fingers massaged at Sarah until Sarah's hips were rising off the table, arching into every touch. "Ah, ah, ah. What did I say before?"

Sarah groaned, panting harshly as her toes curled beneath the

sheet. "Let... you move... me... But Gwen..."

"I think I'll try another approach here," Gwen interrupted, not allowing Sarah to finish her complaint. Without further ado, Gwen slid the bolster from under her knees and bunched up the sheet at the foot of the table. It left Sarah deliciously exposed, and she shivered as Gwen mounted the table, pushing Sarah's knees up and parting them. There wouldn't have been enough space for a normal person to sit between Sarah's spread legs, but Gwen was tiny, and she fit perfectly into the tight space.

Gwen's arms slid up under her ass and hips like she weighed nothing at all, and she soon found herself angled perfectly for Gwen, her hips at a good angle, her thighs rotated just enough to welcome Gwen's mouth closer. For a moment, Sarah thought nothing could possibly be sexier than seeing Gwen looking up the line of her body with lust in her eyes. She was quickly proven wrong when Gwen licked firmly at her and began tormenting her clit with little flicks of her tongue. Feeling was definitely better than seeing.

Sarah strained to see for a few seconds before giving up and flopping back, her eyes closing as she simply surrendered to Gwen's hands and mouth. Every touch made her shudder, more fluids building at her slit. Gwen took full advantage, tasting her over and over until her mouth apparently wasn't effective enough at easing Sarah's tension.

When two of Gwen's fingers pushed inside her, Sarah gasped and arched. She was so wet, so turned on, that all she felt was pleasure. She hadn't even known Gwen was interested in women, but from the knowing way Gwen thrust those fingers, she could have been a damn expert. Either Gwen had a lot of experience or knew a whole different level of human anatomy than they covered in massage school.

Sarah gasped and moaned as Gwen pushed and pulled at her with tireless fingers and a wicked tongue. The pleasure built so quickly, Sarah was powerless to make things last any longer. With a gasp, she arched back, pleasure shooting hotly through her as she came. It lasted longer than any orgasm she could remember, and yet it was over too quickly. The brightness of release faded into a thrumming glow, and she shivered, overheated on the table. Her entire body tingled, and a shaky laugh escaped her as Gwen pulled back and gracefully dismounted the table.

"Fuck, Gwen... that was..." She had no words. Amazing and perfect would have been completely inadequate descriptors.

"Shh," Gwen purred, leaning over her, pulling the sheet and blanket up over her to combat the chill. "I'm afraid our time is up, Sarah. You just take a minute to collect yourself and get dressed. I'll go grab you some water, all right?"

Sarah must have given her some kind of affirmative because Gwen was gone a moment later, leaving her to float on the high of orgasm for another minute. Sarah slowly became aware of her surroundings again, the warmth of the table, the relaxation music switching from one song to another. The clock up in the corner told her it was exactly the top of the hour. If she had an appointment, she didn't care. They could wait a few minutes longer.

Getting dressed brought reality crashing back in, and with it came the insecurities that pleasure often pushed to the outskirts. What the fuck had just happened? Was it a mistake? Had she really just fucked a co-worker on the massage table? Did that make her one of *those* massage therapists, the ones that gave the rest a bad name?

Sarah didn't like the feel of that, even though she definitely liked the way she felt now that she was off the table. Her back, glutes, and legs felt like gelatin, loose to the point of being wobbly. It had been the best massage she'd ever received, even if she didn't count the sex that Gwen had woven into it.

Gwen. Shit. Sarah flushed and pulled on the rest of her clothes in a rush. She opened the door to see Gwen waiting with a glass of water and a smug grin. "Feeling good, yeah?"

Sarah reached out for the water and stepped aside to let Gwen back into the room. "Fucking amazing, actually," she admitted once the door was closed. She didn't want Justin overhearing while he changed his table linens or grabbed something from the break room across the hallway.

Gwen had the look of a devilish pixie. "You owe me one hell of a massage now, you know."

Sarah shifted on her feet, gulping down the rest of her water in one go. "I'll pay you back anytime you want," she breathed. She bit at her lower lip for a moment before asking, "What does this make us?"

Gwen just smirked. "It can mean anything you like."

That was a rather broad invitation, and Sarah wasn't sure what to make of it. So, Gwen would be all right with it just being the one fling? Co-workers with benefits? What about more than that? Sarah had harbored this crush for over a year now. She couldn't pass up the opportunity to at least explore the options. "Do you have any plans for dinner?"

Gwen's face lit up. "You have enough questions to warrant dinner during a snowstorm?"

"I'm a hands on kind of woman," Sarah insisted. Now that she had her chance and knew Gwen was interested, she was taking it.

"Mmm, I hope there are layers to that statement. My schedule, like yours, is open all night."

"Dinner, then," Sarah insisted. "At my place. I only live a couple

blocks away, and I can give you a ride home afterward, if you need it."

"*If* I need it," Gwen repeated cheekily. "No more worrying tonight, therapist's orders. Now, let's go up and give our best pouts to the front desk so Mister Justin Fully-Booked has to close up the place by himself."

Sarah laughed, and suddenly the thought of missing a couple hours of work on a slow day didn't seem nearly as bad as it had just an hour ago. She followed Gwen out of the room, feeling relaxed, hopeful, and ready to take on the world. Or at the very least a new relationship with a wicked blonde possessing magic hands. Bring on the pouting. She had better things to do than stare at her empty schedule.

One Week

L. Alonso Corona

Mondays are the worst, but then again, so are Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Thursdays are marginally better because Tom gets an extended lunch hour and he can walk out of the office for a while.

The whole week pretty much sucks and he hates his life. Also, Tom is pretty sure he slept with his boss last Saturday.

Although, Michael is only *technically* his boss. And he is quite confident he only *technically* slept with him.

Still, Tom is imagining ways to stab himself with the pen engraved with the company name he is holding. Not fatally, he just wants to maim himself so he doesn't have to come here anymore and waste his hours in this cubicle of endless boredom and doom. Yes, he is thinking up ways to resign by pen wound when Michael walks into the office looking all fresh and dandy and smirking his way through "*good mornings*" and cubicles until he sits at his desk. Small mercy, Michael's desk is far enough away that Tom doesn't have to see him if he stays at his own desk. He doesn't have to see him, but he can't stop imagining his stupid smirking face and can't stop recalling his mouth and hands and his—*fuck it*, Tom is quitting this job anyway, he really is. One of these days.

He is also never taking another coffee break, ever. Or a bathroom break. He is going to stay at his desk and pretend to do something infinitely interesting like looking at his collection of four pencils. Maybe even work. Yes, work. Those are the extreme measures he might have to resort to just to avoid any form of contact with Michael. Tom has hated Michael since he transferred to the office a little over a year ago. Michael had soon become the best salesman on the floor, and the management had made him supervisor of their little world of fifteen cubicles. So, yeah, Michael is sort of Tom's boss. And Tom sort of slept with him.

Sure, Michael is easy-going and charismatic and earns a lot of money for the company. His suits look like they are tailor-made just for him, and he looks like he hasn't made a fucking mistake in his life. Like he doesn't know the misery of being unremarkable like Tom does. Well, Tom has just found him unbearable all this time, even though there is no objective reason. Michael always remembers everybody's names and everybody's birthdays. The fact that Michael is old doesn't seem to bother Michael at all. The kind of old that should make him a manager with his own office, not a salesman inhabiting one of fifteen

identical cubicles. Older-ish with gray hair at the sides. He doesn't have the decency to dye it and be embarrassed about it. No, he thinks he looks so hot, all Clooneyesque and stuff.

It's only Tuesday when Tom realizes his plan is, simply put, stupid. Of course he has to take coffee breaks. Of course he has to take bathroom breaks. Of course trying to *work* is out of the question. He has been avoiding doing his job for three years; he's not going to cave in just because he fooled around with one of his co-workers.

With Tom's luck being what it is, when he finally decides to go to the break room Michael is there, pouring himself a cup of the office's tasteless coffee, looking all fresh and content. Tom is pretty sure he himself has never looked *content* in his entire life.

He watches the milk dissolve into Michael's coffee, tiny rings of white spiraling and disappearing.

"Did you want something?"

That's also the thing that bothers him about Michael; he never shuts up when he should, and he always sounds like he is making fun of you. Not in a cruel way, but still.

"I don't—I don't quite remember what, uh, what happened after... uh, Saturday, can't quite what... after the car... I don't—I don't recall much of what happened next."

Michael looks at his watch, as if he had been waiting for Tom to ask. He shakes his head.

"Don't worry. You passed out, and I was the perfect gentleman."

But Tom does worry. He remembers waking up in Michael's bed. Nice bed sheets. Not serial-killer nice but regular-person-who-appreciates-comfort nice. He didn't have a mirror on the ceiling or something creepy. He didn't even have a television in the bedroom. *That's so grown up*, Tom remembers thinking. Of course, then he had remembered Michael is like, forty or something. Plenty grown up.

"Don't worry," Michael repeats, like he senses Tom's discomfort. "Inventory makes us do crazy things."

"It does, doesn't it?"

Inventory nights are the worst, Tom decides for the millionth time since Saturday. They used to be one of his favorites. It was boring work, yes, but they were allowed to drink in the office since they were going to stay late anyway. It used to be fun, and last Saturday, Tom thought it was going to be fun, too.

But then there was the bit where he and Michael stumbled across the parking lot, and the next thing he knew, Michael was shoving him against the side of his car and Michael's mouth was rough and dry and incredible. When Michael touched his tongue to the roof of Tom's mouth, Tom's cock was already hard, harder than it'd been in ages.

Michael had opened the door to his back seat, and then everything had gone blurry with mouths and limbs and heavy breathing. In three long strokes, he had made Tom come all over his hand.

And now, they are here in this break room sipping on anodyne coffee and pretending it's nothing to worry about. The fact that they jerked each other off in the parking lot outside this very building four days ago is irrelevant.

Tom thinks the coffee tastes shittier than before.

Wednesday comes, and they are the ones left in the building when everybody goes home. Tom thinks, *Oh, God, not again.* His mouth goes dry when they are both walking into the hallway together. Michael turns off the lights, and there's a moment of utter darkness when Tom doesn't know where the other man is. He could be really close. He is really close, and Tom can almost smell it.

"Wanna go grab a beer?" Michael asks.

"Fine. Whatever, dude."

The bar is oddly quiet—not oddly, it's a fucking Wednesday night—and as soon as they sit on the stools, an awkward lack of conversation descends upon them. Michael looks distracted, which, as far as Tom is concerned, has never happened in the History of Michael, and his blue suit looks a bit wrinkled, which has never happened in the History of Michael and his Suits.

"What is up with you today, dude?" Tom asks.

He knows Michael does not approve of his frequent use of the word *dude* and maybe Tom is trying to pick a fight. But Michael doesn't seem to notice this time.

They're on their second beer when Tom has to go to the toilet and Michael follows. He kisses Tom, hard and fast, like he is daring Tom to stop him. He buries his fingers in Tom's dark hair, scratching at his skull, and Tom has never been more aroused. By the time Michael pushes him down onto his knees, Tom has already fumbled Michael's zipper open with embarrassing urgency. His fingers twist into the fabric of Michael's jacket. More wrinkles, Tom thinks, until all he can think about is the feel of Michael's cock on his tongue. He's pretty sure that's all he is ever going to think about ever again.

"Funny. I wouldn't have pegged you as the type who sleeps with his boss," Michael comments, voice raspy and low.

Tom looks up with as much offended pride as he can muster—even though his knees are scraping the cheaply tiled floor. There's the pervading smell of disinfectant, and his hand is around Michael's cock, and there's a salty taste in his mouth. The picture of dignity.

"I'm not... Er. Sleeping with you," he mumbles. "And anyway, you're not technically my boss."

Michael laughs and throws his head back. It's a good sound. It's a great sound. Tom thinks he could come just from that sound—and he does.

Tom blames last month's HQ conference they attended. Conferences are even worse than company picnics or karaoke nights. These are people who struggle to stand each other during working hours. Throw them together in their social time and mix it with an ordinate amount of alcohol, and the result is pretty much what you'd expect.

They were tired and hung over and waiting for their suitcases at baggage claim. Tom had never seen Michael hung over; even that looked cool on him. Michael lounged, sitting lazily in one of the red couches, his sunglasses on, head thrown back. Tom sat on the other end of the couch, watching the suitcases go by, from apple green to black, in front of him. They were the last two of their expedition; everybody else had picked up their stuff and gone home. Tom decided to bury himself in music and ignore Michael for as long as they had to be waiting there.

"Something good?" Michael asked, pointing at Tom's iPod.

Letting other people listen to the crap he listens to is a major privacy thing. Tom didn't know why, but he took one of the earplugs off and handed it to Michael. Michael slid across the couch and next to Tom. They were almost touching. He listened to Tom's music, and his knee was gently swaying to the rhythm.

Michael didn't smell hung over. He smelled like hotel room soap and expensive aftershave. Mint toothbrush. Tom felt weird, very weird. He hadn't exchanged any personal words with the man in all the time they had been working together, and feeling him so close was almost absurd. Tom felt like he was about to experience a great epiphany of some sort, but he couldn't stop thinking about the man's smell, or how warm it felt to be sitting so close. The epiphany never came; the suitcases did. The moment between them passed, and Michael stood and pointed them out.

"Here we are."

Tom thought, *Yeah, here we are*. His cheeks flushed, and he wondered what the fuck Michael's sudden interest in him was all about. Not to mention the way it had made him feel.

Thursday, Michael invites Tom to join a lunch with a client. Thursdays are the worst, no matter what Tom had thought before. On Thursdays, Tom doesn't even have the excuse of restricted lunch hours to refuse Michael. He doesn't refuse him. Lunch at the expense of the

company is... well, lunch at the expense of the company. And all Tom has on him is a blueberry Pop Tart.

"No visits to the bathroom today, though," Tom warns Michael.

Michael laughs riotously. He doesn't look a bit ashamed of himself. Why doesn't he look ashamed of himself? The man is *infuriating*. His expression settles into a curious smirk.

Then, a funny thing happens. They start talking. Properly talking. They haven't done that, ever.

"Why don't you want to be a manager? I mean, with your numbers and experience, you could get a better place in the chain of command." When Tom says experience, Michael gives him a pointed look. "You know what I mean. You got that killer instinct."

"Killer instinct? Is this a Mamet play? No, I don't want a job higher up in the chain. Take responsibility for the work of others? No, thank you. I like being a salesman. I don't depend on other people. Just me and my skills."

"You like it?" Tom is stunned. "I can't imagine anyone liking this job."

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't like it."

Yes, Tom has to give him that: Michael doesn't look like a man who'd do something he didn't want to do. That's why he pisses Tom off the way he does.

"I just want to keep my head down, be left alone," Tom admits.

"Ah." Michael looks at him like he has been given a great insight, and the lines in Michael's face relax. Tom decides he really likes that, because Michael never looks relaxed, he always looks like he is making a sale, concentrated, on edge.

Friday, Tom calls in sick. The secretary asks what he's got. Tom replies he's got bubonic plague. He's pretty sure he has a fever anyway, so it's not like he is skipping work just to avoid Michael. He's not going to give the smirking bastard that pleasure.

Tom doesn't know why he says yes when his co-worker Harry invites him to a barbecue at his house. Tom had thought barbecue season was already past and gone, thank fuck. Apparently, good old Harry didn't get that memo. It might be Harry's birthday; Tom's not sure. He could ask Michael. Michael always knows everybody's birthday, and it drives Tom crazy.

"I think I might be becoming an alcoholic," he says as Michael comes back with the beer Tom asked for.

"I don't think so," Michael chuckles.

Tom figures that if anything can lead you to drugs, it's the daily

life of the office. "We've been working together for a year. You'd never given me the time of the day."

"I thought you were the one not giving me the time of the day," Michael replies.

Michael usually looks so cool and detached, like he doesn't have to work hard for anything in the world, like he doesn't have to wonder or hope or pine for anyone. Michael has been waiting for Tom to notice him? Michael grabbed a random chance in an empty airport lounge? Tom finds the idea ridiculous.

"Well, one does not appreciate being shaken out of his numb existence," Tom says.

"Oh, is that what I did?"

"Do you always have to be so fucking suave?"

"Not always," Michael replies. There's something hard and defiant in his eyes.

They are not the last to go, but they don't stand out, either. Anyone who sees them would suppose Michael is just giving a ride to a colleague.

This time, they are not drunk, but painfully clear-eyed and clear-minded, and Tom hates it. Tom wants to be drunk. He follows Michael and stares at the nape of Michael's neck, the perfect V of his expensive haircut.

"History repeating itself," Tom mutters bitterly as they walk across the lawn to Michael's car.

"You are always so negative," Michael says. There's a hint of affection in his voice that hits Tom hard. Because it's one thing to drool over the almost-middle-aged salesman who sits three cubicles down, but the real danger is this. Not blowjobs in a restaurant's bathroom, or fuzzy Saturdays of alcohol and fumbling in the parking lot. That's nothing. *This* is scary.

"We can do this for real," Michael says, all serious like when he's at a difficult sales call. But there's something else underneath. This is not his game face, not exactly.

"Do what? What do you mean, *for real*?"

This time the kiss is slow and deep. Tom keeps his hands in his pockets and tries hard not to kiss back. Finally, he makes a falling sound—a kind of childish sigh he should be ashamed of but isn't. He concedes, he gives up, and *fuck it*; he grabs Michael by the collar and pulls him even closer.

It's the same car, Tom thinks, mildly hysterical. The same stupid car and the same stupid backseat where they fooled around one week ago.

It's fast and messy, just like the first time. Tom can hear his own breathing, and it's more like a fish gasping for air. Michael opens his

fly, and then Tom's, and Tom wonders how it is that Michael knows so well what to do, what he wants.

Tom lets himself be pulled to one side and bent over until his head is against the window and he can see his breath condense on the glass. It's so cold outside. Michael's hand is icy when his fingertips touch against Tom's spine. Tom shivers.

"Sorry."

Tom thinks this might very well be the first time in the History of Michael, as far as he is concerned, that he's apologized. Tom laughs at that. And well, that's probably a new thing, too. It's no longer a competition, and Tom no longer thinks Michael is trying to con him into a cruel game. It's like a small victory, the gorgeous and un-Michael-like sounds Michael makes while he fucks Tom. Tom can't help but feel somehow accomplished when, *this time,* Michael comes way before he does.

Mondays are the worst, obviously. He's said as much a million times. But when Tom walks into the office this morning, looks across the floor, and there's Michael and his stupid gray hair and his stupid perfect suit and his stupid smirk... Well, okay, *maybe* Mondays are not the worst anymore.

Working Lunch

Ann Anderson

Janice returned from delivering a file and saw the note peeking out from beneath one of the folders on her desk. She didn't need to read the flower bordered note to know what it said. Her blood surged and her nipples pebbled, but she ignored it all, letting the wash of noise calm her suddenly racing heart. Glancing at the clock on her computer she smiled, glad she'd only have an hour to wait before most of the cubicles in the office would be cleared of workers off on their lunch break.

Shuffling papers around, Janice focused on inputting data and making phone calls, anything to keep her mind off the clock and the slow creep of each minute. Finally, her coworkers began to say they were heading out on their breaks, and Janice wiggled in her skirt, wondering what she should do. Hopefully, none of them would ask her along. Otherwise, she'd have to think of some excuse, the pitiful pile of paper on her desk wouldn't be enough to say she needed to work through lunch.

Luckily, no one approached her, and she was allowed to pretend she had a great deal to do. She became so engrossed in her pretending that she nearly missed the person moving behind her. A soft hand on her shoulder had Janice tensing, glancing behind her, afraid it would be her boss, but it was Amber.

Janice smiled at the grin on Amber's face, scooting her chair back so she could have a better view of the other woman. Amber wore her chocolate hair down, letting it curl around her shoulders. What makeup she wore was light, present only to enhance her natural beauty and bring out the green in her eyes.

"How has your day been?" Amber asked, moving so she stood between Janice's slightly spread legs, her black trousers gently brushing against Janice's neutral stockings.

"Fine," Janice replied, spreading her legs a bit further, allowing her skirt to ride up a fraction. "And you?"

Amber smiled and leaned forward, her hair spilling around both of them as she brought her face close to Janice's, their mouths nearly touching. "I've been thinking about what I want to have for lunch."

The whispered words puffed against Janice's lips, eliciting a whimper from Janice as she closed the small distance, brushing their lips together softly. Amber didn't accept it. She wrapped a hand at the base of Janice's neck, prying Janice's mouth open and dominating the other woman through the kiss. Janice allowed herself to submit.

Eagerly accepting Amber's tongue into her mouth, allowing it to tease along the roof and wriggle against her teeth.

Janice's head spun. At any moment, someone could walk close to her cubicle, could see what they were doing, and it sent a thrill through her. There was the soft sound of keys clicking on a keyboard, but there was no other sound.

One person. One person who could potentially hear the needy pants Janice could feel leaving her body in tight heaves. One person who could potentially see the picture Janice must make with her face flushed, eyes dazed, and Amber lowering herself to her knees before the chair, hands splayed open on Janice's covered breasts.

"I love you like this, all hot and bothered, practically begging me to bend you over the desk and spank your ass," Amber teased. Her hands moved down, rested for a moment on Janice's knees before gliding along the stockings and pushing Janice's skirt further up her thighs. It forced Janice to lift her hips or risk the fabric tearing.

"Please," Janice whispered, her hands reaching for Amber's face.

"Hands at your sides," Amber commanded, a wicked smile curving her lips. "And try to be quiet."

With that said, Amber leaned forward and pressed her face against Janice's red lace panties. The feel of Amber's warm breath against the wet material had Janice slapping a hand over her mouth, stifling the groan building in her throat. This was such a bad idea, but it had never stopped either of them before.

Amber darted her tongue out, lazily trailing it along the seam that covered Janice's clit. Janice forgot about how stupid this was, instead focusing on keeping quiet as she bucked against Amber's face, wishing that tongue would move aside the material and lap directly against her overheated flesh.

Amber didn't move aside the material, her hands kneading Janice's thighs, but she did close her lips over the panties and suck, forcing Janice's nether lips to smash against her clit. It was glorious, but not enough. Ever since she'd seen the note, Janice had been simmering with desire, and she just wanted to explode. As if reading her thoughts, Amber smirked and released the suction, pulling back as she smacked her lips together, giving Janice a saucy wink.

"Do you want more?" Amber's voice was deep, and it sent a shiver down Janice's spine. If they weren't at work, they could do so much more, but Janice wouldn't be able to keep her voice down if Amber decided to truly play. Janice settled for nodding her head, swallowing as Amber slid beneath her desk and rolled the chair in front of her, spreading Janice's legs even further and grabbing her panties, pulling them down and off.

"What—" Janice bit down hard on her lip, drawing blood as she

choked on the yelp brought on by Amber nipping at her knee.

Damn it all, she knows that's a sensitive spot, Janice groused to herself. She brought her hand up to her mouth to stop the sighs, whimpers, and moans as Amber nibbled and licked the inside of her thighs, working upwards 'til she found the crease and worked it with her lips. Janice knew she'd have marks later, but no one except them would know. It made Janice feel dirty and guilty and sexy all at once.

Amber moved in, her tongue lapping against Janice's clit. It forced Janice to bite the fleshy part between her thumb and pointer finger or risk alerting the only remaining person in the office. Amber didn't slow down, her tongue switching from soft, barely there laps to hard, quick jabs that stabbed all around the area.

Unable to resist, Janice reached down and wrapped the hand not occupied by her mouth in Amber's hair. She forced the other woman closer to her sex, groaning when Amber finally relented and pushed her tongue between the folds into Janice's vagina. Amber started slow, lazily pushing her tongue as far as it would go before dragging it slowly out.

The pace drove Janice mad, but she didn't dare make a peep since it sounded as if some of her coworkers were returning early from their break. If she was lucky, none of them would come looking for her or be in one of the cubicles near her. Her luck seemed to have run out, though, as she noticed someone heading her direction.

Dropping her hand and releasing Amber's hair, Janice scooted closer to her desk. She winced when her chair pushed into Amber, but she had no time to be sorry. Praying whoever was coming wouldn't notice the state of her skirt, her overly heated face, or the fact that there was someone beneath her desk with their head buried in her groin, Janice tried to find something to do with her hands. She ducked her head as she pretended to type at her keyboard.

"Hey, Janice." It was Mark Duren, a man who always enjoyed spreading gossip for long stretches of time and barely managed to finish his work when it was due. Janice tolerated him on a good day, but right now, she just wanted a hole to open beneath him and swallow the man whole. Amber seemed to agree as she jabbed her tongue forward, her nose rubbing in Janice's curls while her hands forced Janice's legs to open wider, allowing Amber better access.

"Hello, Mark." Janice had to clear her throat. Her voice was high and squeaky, and Amber wasn't helping as she brought a finger up, inserting it with her tongue and using it to thrust into Janice whenever her tongue pulled out.

It was delicious, but Janice feared she wouldn't survive it, especially with the way her muscles kept rippling around the finger and tongue. She nibbled on her bottom lip, trying to use the slight

pain to keep the whimpers from escaping as Amber began dragging her nail against Janice's clit every time she slid her finger out.

"Have you heard about Dolores?" Mark's eyes were bright with the chance to spread news, and Janice had learned from past experience that she wouldn't be able to lie.

"What about Dolores?" Dolores was one of the older secretaries, always complaining about the fact that no one seemed to be working like they should. She was a bit overbearing at times, but she was harmless and usually baked delicious chocolate chunk cookies every holiday season, no matter the holiday.

Mark's smile grew as he leaned forward, his voice lowered to what he must have believed was a whisper, but was loud enough that anyone could have heard. "She was caught on the president's desk, with the president's son."

Janice gasped. Not because of what Mark had said—the fact Dolores went for younger guys was a well-known fact and everyone had known the president's son had been seducing her—but because Amber had removed her very wet finger and wiggled it into Janice's ass. She felt her muscles quiver, just needing a little push before she'd come, but she refused to do it with Mark staring right at her.

"You'd better be careful who you say such things around. If it gets back to the wrong ears that you're spreading rumors, you could lose your job." She hoped her voice wasn't as breathy as she thought it might be. *Please, leave me alone. Oh, fu—stop!*

Choking on the scream that threatened as Amber added a second finger to her ass. Amber alternated between thrusting her tongue through Janice's folds and licking around the fingers working Janice's ass. Janice bit the inside of her cheek. Her mouth was going to be bruised and bloody by the time Amber was done, but the message seemed to have reached Mark as he paled and looked around as if just realizing they weren't in the most secure place to be talking gossip of such a sensitive nature.

"Uh, right. Well, I'll talk to you later." Janice would have laughed at how quickly Mark left, but Amber was moving her tongue and fingers in sync, varying the speeds.

Finally safe from prying eyes, Janice began thrusting her hips against Amber, gripping the edge of her desk for better leverage as she tried to take the fingers and tongue deeper into her. Just a little more and she'd be free. Taking pity on her, Amber pulled her tongue out and used her teeth to nip at Janice's clit, bringing the orgasm that had been rising to its peak and sending it crashing through Janice.

She nearly screamed, but held it back by hunching over, her hips jerking against the face still buried in her groin. Panting, the fine tremors beginning to subside, Janice pulled back, wheeling her chair

backward so Amber would have enough room to move out from beneath the desk. Glaring, even if the affect was diminished by the heaving of her chest, Janice held out a hand for her panties.

Instead of handing them back, Amber grinned and shoved them down the front of her trousers, chuckling at the shocked look on Janice's face. Amber seriously didn't think she'd go around commando, did she? But Amber stood, scanning the area and licking her lips before she left the cubicle, waving and talking with some coworkers as she left the area Janice worked in. Feeling decidedly uncomfortable now that people were coming back in, Janice worked to scoot her skirt back into place, doing her best to erase the sight of Amber with her lips glossy, talking with people as if she hadn't just been lapping up Janice's release from her mind.

Ducking her head, Janice smiled. When she got home, she would make sure to pay Amber back. Maybe she'd even use the strap-on.

Personal Assistance

K. Lynn

Tom was grabbing his third cup of coffee for the morning when Barbara came into the break room. He smiled at her, getting her mug out of the cabinet and filling it up as she headed to the small table in the corner. Tom liked Barbara, considered her a nice work friend, so he always looked forward to grabbing a quick conversation with her when they ended up on break together.

He set Barbara's coffee down on the table, sliding it forward. "Two milks and one sugar, just the way you like it," he said, sitting down opposite from her.

Barbara inhaled the caffeinated scent, her body relaxing under its spell. "You're too good for me," she said, taking a swallow of her beverage. "Thanks, I needed that."

"Rough morning?"

Barbara didn't say anything for a moment, just looked at him as if she was analyzing his face. "Maybe I should be asking you the same question. How many's that for you?"

Tom grunted, drinking down half his cup before he answered. "Third, and I hope the last. I'll be too wired this afternoon if I keep it up."

"Let me guess, Thompson's to blame?" She didn't wait for Tom to answer, just started in on her own complaining. "That man is going to drive us all crazy one day. Did you know he called over and demanded Susanne and I get the Berkeley report to him by eleven?"

"Well, it's pretty important," Tom began, but Barbara didn't seem to be looking for excuses.

"Of course it's important," she said, her frustrations bleeding into her voice. "So are the ten other things we had to do this morning, but he didn't seem to care about those."

"Mr. Thompson is very dedicated to the company," Tom said, keeping his voice neutral.

"Yeah, well, it would be nice if he didn't expect everyone else to cater to his demands. I swear I don't know how you put up with him every day. It's bad enough we have to work under him, but being his personal assistant? That would drive me to drinking."

"Something stronger than coffee, I'm guessing," Tom said with a quick laugh. "But, really, Mr. Thompson is a good boss. You've just got to know what he needs before he needs it."

"Yeah, okay," Barbara said, rolling her eyes. "I'll just add psychic ability to my resume."

"Pays to have it," Tom said, placing his fingers against his forehead. "Like, I can foresee a quick run back to your desk, carrying your half-filled mug, and some frantic typing in order to meet your deadline."

"You're hilarious," she said, her tone flat as she got up from the table, grabbing her mug. "I'm sure I'll be seeing you real soon."

"Good luck," he called to her as she walked out of the break room. Speaking of getting back to work, he should do that, too. Mr. Thompson would probably be looking for him soon.

As if Mr. Thompson had a sixth sense to know when his personal assistant was in the area, as soon as Tom's ass hit his chair, the internal line on his phone started ringing. Tom took a deep breath and answered with as much enthusiasm as he could muster.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson. What can I do for you?"

"Get in here," came the impatient tone of his boss. "I need you to take down some notes."

"Yes, sir, I'll be right..." Tom couldn't even finish his sentence before the call was cut off. Okay, maybe Mr. Thompson needed some caffeine, too, or something to pull him out of his bad mood.

Tom knocked lightly on the door, and then entered the posh office. The leather couch on the far wall was stacked high with paperwork and Mr. Thompson was sitting behind his desk, staring at another pile of manila folders. Mr. Thompson was too engrossed in his reading to pay Tom any mind, but that wasn't unusual. He took his regular seat across from his boss, sitting quietly in the guest chair until he was spoken to.

"Has Susanne been by yet?" Mr. Thompson asked, striking out something with his red pen, and then setting the papers to the side so that he could give Tom his full attention.

"No, sir, but I believe she's still working with Barbara to finish that report you wanted."

"Hmm," he said, narrowing his eyes at Tom. "Any chance it'll be done on time?"

"They're working their hardest," Tom said. "I'm sure they won't let you down."

"They better not. I've got too much riding on this for those two to screw it up."

Tom bit his tongue to prevent himself from saying anything harmful. He understood that Mr. Thompson was stressed out, but sometimes he was a bit too short with his employees. However, it wasn't Tom's place to say that at the moment.

"You wanted me to take notes?" he asked, giving a practiced smile.

"Yeah, yeah," Mr. Thompson said, pulling another folder over to read. "I need you to write up something to send to the accounting

department about their sloppy work." He picked up his pen again, circling a few spots on the page he was reading. "Sixteen thousand dollars lumped together in last week's report. I need these things itemized." Mr. Thompson flipped the page. "And there's something in here about after-hours support staff." He looked up at Tom. "Why do we need fifty people getting paid overtime in one department? It's wasteful."

Mr. Thompson shook his head, turning his attention back to his reading. Tom watched him as he did so. The firm shoulders under his black dress coat were stiff, as if the muscles were bunched up underneath. And the grip he had on his pen was so tight that Tom could see the white of his knuckles. This tension wouldn't do him any good, much less make for a pleasant day for anyone who came into contact with him. Tom had to do something about that.

Decision made, he set aside his small notepad and got up. Rounding the desk, Mr. Thompson paid him no mind, too focused on the folders in front of him. It was only when Tom put his hands on the other man's shoulders that Mr. Thompson flinched.

"Neal," Tom said, his voice low as he squeezed the tense muscles beneath his hands. "Are you trying to give yourself a heart attack?"

The tension released from Neal's shoulders just a bit as he leaned back and sighed, apparently appreciative of what Tom was doing to him. "Trying to, no. Going to? Probably."

"You can't keep doing this to yourself." Tom dug his thumbs into Neal's shoulder blades. "I didn't even get to kiss you goodbye this morning before you were gone."

"Had to get back home and change clothes," Neal said, giving a grunt as Tom massaged away a knot. "Got here early to start work."

"You know there's a solution to that," Tom began, but Neal shook his head before he could continue.

"We can't move in together," he said. "The higher-ups would have a field day if they ever found out about us."

"Blah, blah, blah," Tom said, rolling his eyes as he continued his massage. "Meanwhile, I'm just some dirty little secret you keep tucked away for special occasions."

Neal looked up at him with a smile on his face. "It's Thursday."

"Fine, every day is a special occasion," Tom admitted, leaning down to kiss Neal on the cheek. "Doesn't change anything."

"You know it's not like that."

Tom looked at him, his lips pressed tight. As much as he wanted to deny it, Tom knew that Neal wasn't hiding them on purpose. It just wasn't the right time, and both of them would catch hell if they didn't proceed carefully.

"I know," Tom sighed. "But it doesn't mean I can't complain about

it now and then."

"Wouldn't expect any less," Neal said, giving a small grin before he glanced back to the folders strewn across his desk. "But it still doesn't change the fact that these reports need to get done."

Tom could see the tension returning to Neal's posture. The job was going to kill him if he wasn't careful. He needed to relax once in a while, focus on the fun parts of life and not the next deadline.

"You know what you need?"

"What?" Neal asked, not turning his attention away from his reading.

"A blowjob," Tom said.

That got Neal's attention. He turned his chair around so fast that Tom was almost knocked over. "What did you say?"

"Blowjob," Tom repeated, emphasizing each syllable. "I'm sure you remember the concept. It hasn't been that long since you had one. Or gave one, for that matter."

"We're at work," Neal said, his eyes wide. "It's not safe to talk about that kind of thing, much less do it."

"Come on," Tom said. "Give me some credit for discretion. Nobody has to know." He eyed the space below Neal's desk. "I could fit."

Neal followed Tom's gaze. "That's dangerous," Neal said, but the words were slow, and it didn't sound like he was against the idea at all.

"Danger's my middle name," Tom said, bending down so he could crawl into the space.

"No, it's not. It's Dalton," Neal said with a soft laugh.

"Danger Dalton, that's me," Tom said. "Now, turn back around here so we can get down to business."

He tugged at the side of Neal's chair, trying to pull him so Neal was facing forward. Neal took the hint and helped to spin himself around. Tom looked up at him from his hiding place and winked.

"Scoot forward."

"This is a bad idea," Neal said, but complied with the request.

Whether or not he agreed with it, Neal seemed to be willing to go along with Tom's plan, and that was all the encouragement Tom needed. He palmed Neal's hard bulge, giving it a squeeze, which caused Neal to jump.

"You've gotta keep quiet now," Tom said, reaching to unbutton Neal's dress pants. "Wouldn't want someone to come checking up on you, thinking you needed help."

"Last thing we need," Neal agreed breathlessly as Tom started on his zipper.

The release of pressure had to feel good, considering how much Neal's dick had been pressing against the front of his pants. It was

straining in Neal's white cotton briefs, pushing forward in greeting. Tom grabbed the elastic waistband and pulled down, letting out a surprised chuckle as Neal's dick was freed.

"Looks like someone's happy to see me," he said, letting the elastic rest underneath the flushed, red skin.

Tom took hold of Neal's dick, rising on his knees just a bit so he could get his mouth around the flesh. It was a tight fit with his body squeezed underneath the desk, but Tom managed just fine, letting his lips encircle the tip. He then opened up wider to take in Neal's length. From above him, Neal gasped, his thighs tensing with the contact.

Tom felt a rush of joy run through him as he started bobbing his head up and down on the hardened flesh. He knew he could get Neal off quickly, making him come in a matter of seconds if he wanted to, but Tom wanted to keep it going for just a little while longer. There was no telling when or if Neal would ever be game for this again, and Tom liked the forbidden element of what they were doing. Just the mere fact that anyone could walk in, catching them in the act, was enough to make Tom hard himself.

"Fuck, so close," Neal said, his voice reduced to a breath instead of his usual firm tone.

Tom kept working, twirling his tongue on the underside of Neal's dick as he moved up and down. He could feel Neal getting closer to release; the tell-tale signs were already making themselves known. Neal was thrusting up into Tom's mouth, helping him go deeper as he sucked, and Tom could taste the tang of pre-come as he did so. He continued sucking, edging Neal toward release, and he felt the body above him still for an instant before Neal came into Tom's mouth. Tom swallowed as much as he could, drinking him in, but he could feel the moisture escaping from the edges of his mouth. He would deal with it later.

Neal kept thrusting up into Tom's mouth, but his actions became less pronounced as he rode the wave of orgasm. Soon, he was settled back in his chair, panting, his dick soft in Tom's mouth. Giving one last lick to the sensitive skin, Tom released Neal from his mouth and settled back onto his thighs to catch his own breath.

A knock on the office door startled Tom, causing him to freeze. He couldn't see Neal's reaction, but by the way his legs stiffened, Tom would hazard to guess Neal was just as surprised. There were seconds of silence, and Tom wondered what they were supposed to do, but Neal made the decision for them.

"Don't move," Neal ordered, his voice low and firm. "Don't say a word."

He didn't wait for Tom to answer. Instead, he called out to whoever was waiting on the other side of the door, "Come in."

Tom could hear the door opening, and then a female voice filled the room. "Mr. Thompson?" He recognized Susanne's twang right away.

"You have my report?" Neal asked, sounding a bit impatient, but without a hint toward what he was doing just seconds earlier.

"Yes, sir," she said, and then Tom could hear something being placed on the desk above him. "We just finished."

Neal hummed before there was the noise of papers being shuffled around. "Okay, I'll look this over, but if I find anything wrong..."

"You won't, Mr. Thompson," Susanne was quick to say. "We double-checked it."

"That better be true," he said. "I'll call you if I need anything else."

Tom waited, listening as Susanne walked out of the office, closing the door behind her. There were ten long seconds of silence before Neal pushed back from his desk, his dick still hanging out of his briefs. He smiled down at Tom.

"I'm a pretty good actor, if I do say so myself," Neal said, tucking himself back in before he closed his zipper and buttoned his pants.

Tom just sat, watching, the shock not quite lifting from him yet. Neal glanced down at him, a look of concern on his face. "You okay?"

"I cannot believe you kept your calm," Tom said, scrambling out from his hiding place.

Neal shrugged, leaning over to grab some tissues from the edge of his desk. "Didn't get this far by showing all my cards," he said, handing some of them over. "Wipe your face before someone sees you."

Tom did as he was told and threw the tissues into the trash can. "I feel like I should give you an award or something."

"Best actor?" Neal asked, giving Tom a wink. "Do I get a trophy and everything?"

"I was thinking of a more personal gift," Tom said, straddling Neal's legs and sitting down in his lap. Neal grabbed him by the waist, like he was trying to make sure Tom wouldn't fall. Always the gentleman, that was his boss. Tom leaned over, putting his lips close to Neal's ear. "How about I fuck you so hard tonight that you won't be able to walk tomorrow?"

Neal drew in a breath, a slight shudder running through his body as Tom kissed the side of his head and then sat back to look at him. Satisfied that Neal would have little else on his mind for the rest of the day, Tom got up off his lap. He straightened his clothing, ignoring his half-hard dick, and looked down at Neal with professional distance.

"Will that be all, Mr. Thompson?"

"Yes," he said, clearing his throat before he spoke again. "I'll let you know if I need anything else."

Tom nodded, turning to leave the office. He closed the door behind him and hurried to his desk so he could hopefully hide his aroused state. The last thing either of them needed was for someone to see that and jump to conclusions.

He made it just in time, as Barbara was rounding the corner right as he sat down. Tom pulled his chair closer to his desk, making sure his lower half was hidden from view.

"There you are," Barbara said, stopping in front of his desk. "Susanne said you weren't around when she came to drop off the report."

"Yeah, I was doing an errand," Tom said, keeping his voice even. "Did you need to see me for something?"

"Just wanted to see if you knew what Mr. Thompson thought of the report. Susanne said he was being a hard-ass with her when she gave it to him."

Tom shrugged. "I wouldn't know. He hasn't said anything about it to me yet."

As if their boss knew he was being talked about, the interior line on Tom's desk rang. Barbara's eyes widened a bit, and Tom held up a finger to signal she should wait. He took a breath and answered with a cheerful, "Yes, Mr. Thompson?"

"You left without finishing," he said, his low voice sending an instant shockwave to Tom's dick. "Don't think I missed that hard-on you were sporting."

"That's correct," Tom said, keeping his tone even.

"You think you're going to last all afternoon without getting off? Or maybe we need to see how sturdy my desk really is."

Tom's eyes went to Barbara, who was looking at him with a curious expression. He feared she could overhear the exchange, but she'd be having a stronger reaction if she heard.

"I'm not sure that's advisable, Mr. Thompson, but I will take it under consideration."

"You do that," he said, "and then you figure out a way to leave early without drawing attention to yourself. Say you're sick or something."

Tom nodded, trying to maintain his calm, but his heart was beating fast at the possibilities. "I understand. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Not yet," he laughed, "but I'll be at your place by one, and then we can see about you making good on your promises."

"I will do that, sir," Tom said. "Goodbye."

He hung up the phone, glancing up at Barbara. "It's like he's got eyes everywhere."

"He probably does," she said, frowning. "I'll let you get back to

work before he yells at you for goofing off."

"Yeah," Tom said, a smile forming on his face. "He might rope me into some overtime if I'm not careful."

Barbara shook her head, turning to go. "Mr. Thompson doesn't realize how lucky he is to have you."

"Oh, I think he does," Tom said as she walked away. "You've just got to know how to read the signs."

She's the Boss

Angel Propps

I didn't look around as the clatter of high heels striking against dingy linoleum filled the break room. I didn't need to turn around to know it was Lori—even if the sudden shift in the conversations and the abrupt silences had not told me the boss was in the room—the smell of the spicy and yet sweet perfume she wore was unmistakable.

"Ms. Lovell, could you explain why I am unable to find the Gentry file?" she asked in clipped tones that did no justice to the warm, contralto timbre of her voice.

I put down the half of a sandwich I had been eating. Peanut butter and grape jelly bled from the bitten edge, leaving a small, sweet stain on the waxed paper. I cleared my throat and spoke softly, "I put it on the corner of your desk, right under the other files you requested. You wanted them placed in order of—"

"I believe I know exactly why I wanted them placed as I ordered them to be placed."

I peered into the window in front of me. Over my own reflection, her image wavered ghost-like in the streaked glass; auburn hair scraped back so severely, her slightly tilted eyes were pulled out at the corners, giving her a feline look that amused me. Her white blouse was so crisply ironed, the edges could have done more damage than a paper cut. The small but lovely breasts weren't hidden, but they weren't on display, either. Lori's long legs were covered to mid-calf by a tight, but not too tight, pencil skirt. Her pumps were a dark navy blue that matched the skirt and blazer she wore.

"I will get the file for you."

I heard a mutter from behind me. The office staff changed quite a bit; it was the training ground for the rest of the giant law firm we worked for. The general feeling was that if you could survive Lori Hunt, you could survive anywhere. Many of the people she trained went on to jobs making six figure salaries. I was a secretary, not a paralegal or lawyer, but the last secretary that had served Lori wound up working as secretary to one of the most senior partners in the firm. I wanted a plum job like that, and I was willing to do anything to get it. The other people in that break room thought Lori worked me too hard. I often wondered what they would say if they knew what really went on in her office.

I followed her out of the break room and down the long, slightly mold-scented hallway. My eyes fastened onto her pert ass, watching it sway under the material of her skirt. I loved the way her legs formed a

tall "A" and the slight swishing sound her stockings made against her legs as she moved. I even liked the clacking of her heels.

Those heels made me grin. She always wore pumps in somber colors so nobody really noticed that they were a shade too tall, that the heels were thin and sharp...

On the first day I had shown up to work, she had crossed her legs. Her skirt rode up just enough for me to see the lacy top of her stocking, and I forgot to take dictation because I had been utterly fascinated by the sight of the black lace against the creamy white flesh.

Lori's office was situated at the far end of the entire floor. It took nearly ten minutes to walk from the break room to the office proper. Some of my fellow employees made jokes about taking the long walk, and given the drab surroundings, I could understand it. But for me, that walk was always too long for different reasons because I was ever eager to get her alone in that office.

The cubicles pressed close to the narrow confines of the aisles; I could hear voices from a few. The snow had kept most of the employees from going out to lunch, and some, not as social as others, were in their cheerless little spaces talking on their phones or surfing the internet. My heart began to beat faster; the thought that we could get caught was always a thrilling one.

Lori's office was almost masculine: heavy leather furniture, lots of gleaming wood surfaces, and the indefinable whiff of power. I stood inhaling that scent as she closed the door with a decisive little click. The lock made a sharp crack as it slid home, and that was when I spoke.

"Unlock it."

Lori blinked. She reached for the door, an automatic gesture that halted itself in mid-air. "Someone could come in; there are still employees in the cubbies."

"Are you telling me no?" I let my words slide out slowly, drawing them out. The balance of power had shifted the moment she closed the door, and she knew it. In here, I was the boss.

She froze, and her eyes went to my face as she tried to gauge my mood. I had deliberately left my long, blonde hair loose that morning; it made a rather nice contrast against the scarlet silk blouse, black blazer, and slacks that I wore. Her eyes dropped to the heavy boots that encased my feet. I watched them trace the heavy square heels, the thick seam up the back, and run across the high-gloss shine. She had once spent a delightful hour curled up on the floor worshipping those boots, and I knew she hadn't forgotten what they felt like pressed against her ass cheeks or under her tongue.

"Of course not."

I advanced on her, crowding her space so she was forced to either move back or submit. Her eyes went down, and her breath came faster. Good. That was more in line with what I had in mind. I reached out and grabbed the too-tight bun at the back of her narrow head, twisting viciously. The pins showered to the floor, and her hair—long and silky and fine—tangled in my fist as I brought her face to mine for a long kiss.

Her mouth was warm and tasted of the hot cinnamon candies she kept in the small cut crystal bowl on her desk. She let herself go limp, and her tits pressed against mine, soft and pliant.

I shoved her backward—not hard, just enough to startle her. Her ass hit the solid edge of her desk, and she gasped. Her hair swirled across her shoulders, and a small, pink stain crept up her jawline. She put her hands out for balance, and I waited for a moment, deliberately drawing out the suspense before saying, "Pull your skirt up. If you are wearing panties, I'm going to have to leave you here all alone."

Her tongue flicked out, pink against the red lipstick. "I could take them off..."

"No," I said, keeping my voice cold and turning my body slightly toward the door. "You can't. I told you if you wore panties again to work, I wouldn't fuck you. Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said, her voice all cutesy and eyelashes fluttering. "I do."

"Pull up your skirt."

Lust rose up in me. The seam of my slacks abraded the delicate flesh between my legs. The small scrap of underwear I wore was no match for the wetness leaking from my inner folds. Lori's hands twitched at the hem of her skirt, pulling it a bare inch upward to show her thighs, and then letting go. She kept that up for a few moments, plucking at the hem and dropping it again, feigning shyness and nervousness. I had begun to wonder if she really had worn panties and was trying to work up the nerve to show them to me before she finally yanked the skirt higher.

Her pale thighs gleamed. A thin trail of glistening fluid lay on her inner thighs, and the top of her stockings was black lace tied off with sassy red ribbons. My pussy gave a painful throb at the sight. Her pussy was clean shaven, and her outer lips were thin. She rubbed a bratty finger across them, knowing what it would cause me to do.

I stormed across the room, whipped her around, bent her over her desk, and brought my hand down on the peach-like halves of her upturned ass. Instantly, red flowed into the handprint I left behind. She squealed, and then she hushed.

I didn't give her any time to think. I brought my other hand down, and then I did it again. The smacks grew in intensity. I varied the

placement, making sure there was not one single inch of her ass that did not bear some marking from me. She whimpered, her hips jerking back and forth, and her ass jiggled. I could see the puckered seam of her asshole and the glinting pink of her pussy. I could smell the scent of her arousal.

I yanked her blazer off and tossed it to the desktop. She whimpered as my hands roughly kneaded her breasts through her shirt. I ground my pelvis against her ass, enjoying the feeling of the pressure against my clit.

I wanted to fuck her while she wore her stockings; that was something I never got tired of, but more, I wanted to tie her up. I yanked the shoes off, dropping them to the floor with small, but heavy, thuds. She fought a bit when I wrapped one of her stockings around the lower half her face, gagging her with it. I tied a big bow in it just for the hell of it, and then I used the second one to tie her hands behind her back.

I pulled her upright and turned her around again. We were on her side of the desk, and she was a glorious mess, her legs spread open, her shirt wrinkled, and her hair hanging around her gagged face. Her skirt bunched up around her narrow waist, and her mascara smeared a bit.

"I should open the door and let everyone see you," I whispered into her ear. Panic made her wriggle against me, but I held her tightly against the desk with my own body. "I should let everyone see just who the boss in here is."

I bit her nipple, leaving a small, wet spot on her blouse. She gurgled out a swear word as I bent her, tossed her up on the desk, and shoved her legs apart. I laughed, and then sat down in her chair. She whined out a long word that I could not make out as my tongue slid up her slit, and then wriggled inside. I took my time, holding the delicate, butterfly wing-like flesh of her labia open while I licked her folds and circled her clit with my tongue. Juices leaked down her ass crack, and I wondered if she knew that those reports below her were going to have be rewritten or if she even cared.

I doubted it; that would be my job.

I slid a finger inside her, feeling her heated channel clench around that digit. I pumped it in and out before adding a second, and then a third. Her hips jerked and bucked, and she shuddered all over. I knew the position, seated with her feet up on the edge of the desk, was uncomfortable. I wanted her to be uncomfortable; I wanted her lust to have to fight with that discomfort.

When her clit began to give off small, tell-tale pulses, I stopped. Lori let out a pitiful little moan, one that she pitched so that it wouldn't reach the ears of anyone passing by. I grinned at her and

stood, pulling my pants down and opening the drawer where she hid the harness and large cock she preferred.

"Get off that desk."

Watching her clamber down was a precious sight. I buckled the harness on, positioning the cock so that the base rubbed against the hardened nub of my clit. Lori stood, saliva drenching the stocking that gagged her and eyes at half-mast. I bent her over the desk once more, shoving her face into a pile of paperwork, as I used my free hand to guide the cock into her dripping opening.

I rubbed against her entrance, not moving into her, just teasing until she arched her ass back at me in a bid to get some of that long hardness inside herself. I would have punished her by pulling out if I hadn't been so incredibly worked up myself. I thrust forward, sliding into her with one, smooth movement that made her wriggle furiously..

I withdrew; the cock's base rubbed my clit, causing a tingling and sweet friction. I spread my legs and held her hips, pumping faster. The two halves of her ass bounced open and closed, offering me glimpses of coral-colored flesh. I braced my feet, driving harder and faster. There were no thoughts left; all I wanted was to come. The friction became unbearable, and I had to hold my breath as she ground her pussy against the desk and bucked back against me.

I spanked her ass, enjoying the feeling of her skin warming under my hands once more. She tensed, and I closed my eyes, driving deeper into her body. Slick fluids dribbled down my inner thighs and onto the leather of the harness as a massive orgasm crashed over me. I put one hand out, resting it against the back of her neck, and she went limp beneath that touch.

I waited a few minutes, letting her find her way back. When she began to stir, I withdrew and unbuckled the harness before untying her hands She moved over to the door and locked it, a sense of finality crept through the room at the sound of that small clicking of metal against metal.

She took the harness and cock from me, went to her closet, and then to her bathroom while I straightened up the room. When she emerged, she was as neat and tidy as if she had just stepped out of a window display. Her crumpled clothes and the cleaned dick were in her hands. I eyed her navy blue blazer and skirt, wondering just how many of those suits she owned, and how often she had had to change them in that office of hers.

From the cubicles there arose a long, low hum. The others were back from lunch and work had resumed. I went to my own desk, which sat right outside her door, not looking at anyone. I knew they all thought that Lori was hard on me, that it was hard having her for a boss, and it was.

Except during those moments when I got to be the boss.

The New Guy

John Amory

Thanks to a really annoying stipulation of my trust fund, I'm used to being the perpetual "New Guy" at work. My parents wanted to make sure that I never ended up like Paris Hilton or any other hot mess trust fund kid, so I have to be gainfully employed at the start of every month so I can receive my trust income. It sucks pretty hard.

Oh, I know what you're thinking: *spoiled rich kid*. And you're right, because I am. I was given everything I ever wanted when I was growing up: toys, cars, parties, cash, you name it. There was nothing I was denied. Until my eighteenth birthday, anyway. From then on, I had to have a job in order for my parents to support me. And before you ask, yes, it has to be a *real* job with a *real* W-2. The problem? I'm not good at anything.

Since turning eighteen over ten years ago, I've had over forty different jobs. I know, right? It's insane to think about. I've done it all: coffeemaker, donut pusher, personal assistant, telemarketer, cater waiter, shelf stocker, limo driver, valet... I could go on for an hour. But you know for damn sure that I always had some type of job before the first of the month rolled around.

Today is September 1st, and I'm starting another new venture: secretary. I know there are probably people who would balk if I told them I'm a thirty year-old male secretary, but there's no sense in calling something what it isn't. I'm not an "administrative assistant," as the job listing said. I'm a secretary. I answer phones, keep schedules, send e-mails, take notes at meetings, and order everyone's lunch. As empowering as it may be to make the job sound more important than it is by calling us "administrative assistants," let's not kid ourselves.

I walk into the offices of Mech Tech, some mechanical technology manufacturer of something-or-other, about two minutes before I'm supposed to be there and give myself brownie points for being on time for my first day. I am greeted by an overweight lady wearing two much lipstick.: "Good morning and welcome to Tech Mech Incorporated! My name is Sarah. How can I help you today?" I'm distracted by a blot of matte pink on Sarah's front tooth, exposed in a Cheshire cat grin.

"My name's Emmanuel. I'm supposed to start work today for Mr. Fallon," I answer politely. Sarah's façade immediately changes, every sign of the chipper do-gooder erased.

"Thank *Gawd!*" she bellows, a Brooklyn accent emerging. "I've been runnin' the show all by myself; it's about damn time he hired

some new help. I'm actually his assistant, so you'll be working directly for me and helping me out. Mr. Fallon will give you some things to do sometimes, but for the most part I'll just be pawning a lot of my stuff off on you, okay?" Sarah ushers me toward a desk next to hers, outfitted with a brand new Dell and a phone that has far too many buttons. "Sit down, I'll show you how to use your computer in a minute."

My chair swivels. Already my day is made infinitely better by this discovery, and I realize I'll probably last longer here than at my last job solely because I can entertain myself by spinning in circles in my desk chair. Sarah turns to me with a form in front of her.

"Here's your W-2, doll. Fill it out and give it back to me so I can run it with payroll tomorrow."

I take the form from her, scribble my information hurriedly, and return it. The phone rings, and we both ignore it. She eyes my form and gives me a look; the phone is still ringing, but apparently she doesn't care. "Emmanuel Grey. As in, Grey Global?" Sarah asks incredulously.

"Yeah, my dad runs the company."

Sarah looks amazed for a moment, and then utterly confused. "What the hell are you doin' workin' here? Why don't you just get a job with him?"

"I don't really want to get into it, but I'm not allowed to work for my father. He wants me to be able to provide for myself, or something," I answer with a clip to my voice. *I know, lady, it's stupid. He makes me get a job so that he feels better about doling out a hundred grand to me every month. Ironic, right?*

"Oh. Well, that's admirable, I suppose," Sarah says. She shoos me toward the rolling chair at the adjacent desk. I sit down in front of the computer, and she looks over my shoulder.

"Okay, the password is 'I love my job,' all one word with a capital I. Don't ask., Mr. Fallon likes us all to think positively.; I didn't make it up, that's for damn sure. Now, you'll wanna open your Outlook folder and set up your e-mail signature..."

Sarah drones on for what is easily an hour about e-mail etiquette, desktop icons, browser history, and blah blah blah blah blah. It was only my first hour, and I was already tuning her out. *This is gonna be a long day.*

Just as Sarah is about to assign me a username for the company network drive—or something, I don't even know if that's a thing—I excuse myself. "Where's the bathroom? And the coffee pot?"

Sarah points me down a long corridor past several closed-door offices. I assume they're the people who actually work on the projects. I hang a left directly into a dead end: break room to my left,

bathrooms to my right, and an office right in front of me. The door is left slightly ajar, and I can hear someone on the phone inside yelling about heaters or boilers or something. *I should really learn what the hell this company actually does*.

The break room is just a fridge, a sink, a microwave, and a coffee pot with all the fixings on a small rolling cart. The pot is empty, so I dump some grounds into a filter, pour some water in the reservoir, and hit the "on" button. I grab a mug from on top of the refrigerator and set it next to the sink. As soon as the coffee starts dripping into the pot, though, I have a really sudden urge to pee. I dart across the hall into the bathroom marked with a little stick figure wearing pants instead of a skirt.

There are two urinals, a stall, and two sinks. I rush over to the one closest to me and unzip. I'm starting to feel a blessed relief when the door squeaks open behind me. A man in his late forties enters, stopping briefly at the sink to look in the mirror. I immediately get bladder shyness.

The guy is pretty good looking for his age: short brown hair on top, salt and pepper on the sides, and brown eyes. His face is clan shaven, though slightly reddened, like he'd just come in from a windy day. He's also the epitome of business casual, dressed in an orange button-down and khakis. He is taller than me by a few good inches, and I could shit a brick as he saddles up next to me at the other urinal.

"You must be the new guy," he says. I hear his zipper go down as he bends slightly at the knee, fishing around in his fly.

"Yeah. Emmanuel. Prefer Eli." I still can't finish peeing, especially now that this guy is talking to me. That should be the first rule boys are taught when their parents potty train them: no talking at the urinal. "Nice to meet you."

"I'm Greg Fallon, the guy who hired you," he says. By now, I can tell that he doesn't have the same issue with urinating in front of people. "How do you like it so far?"

I give my new boss an awkward side glance, only to discover that he hasn't been staring straight ahead at the wall like I have. He's looking over at me, waiting for an answer. I nervously look back, clearing my throat and willing my bladder to empty so I can get the hell out of this weird situation. "It's fine. Sarah's nice."

Mr. Fallon is still looking at me. *Jesus, fuck, this is awkward*. "Good. Anything I could help you with? Get you better acquainted here?" he asks. There is sudden movement as he shakes his dick with his right hand, and I look down at it without thinking. *Aaand I just saw my boss's penis, and it's not even lunchtime yet. Great*.

I quickly return my attention to the wall in front of me, remembering that Mr. Fallon has asked me a question. "Not at all, Mr.

Fallon. I mean, I'm supposed to be *your* assistant, right?" I laugh nervously and look at him through the corner of my eyes. And I'm shocked to see him facing me head-on, slowly stroking his dick in his right hand. My eyes go wide, my mouth drops open, and I start stammering like an idiot. But I can't take my eyes off Mr. Fallon's rapidly growing erection.

"Yeah, that's true," he says, never taking his eyes of me. "As a matter of fact, I could use some assistance right now, if you don't mind."

On the inside, I start to giggle over the bad pun and how utterly ridiculous this whole thing is, but I'm transfixed on my new boss's hard cock. He takes a step toward me and grabs me with his left hand. He twists my body so that I'm no longer hidden by the urinal, forcing me to face him. He looks down at my junk, which is swiftly hardening as I watch him jerk himself off.

"I guess you like what you see, Eli," Mr. Fallon whispers. I nod. He reaches down and unbuttons his khakis; I can see that he isn't wearing underwear. His pants fall around his ankles, exposing a huge bush of curly pubic hair. He reaches out his left hand and gives my cock a quick pull. The touch makes me recoil a bit, snapping me back to reality.

"Mr. Fallon, this is a little weird—" I start to say, but he cuts me off.

"Call me Greg," he interrupts, taking another step toward me. Our members are nearly touching, mine drooling just a breath away from his. The sight pulls me back into the fantasy, and I push my cock head against his, rubbing them together. Mr. Fallon—Greg, rather—lets out a low moan. I look up to see him licking his lips. He gives me a small nod, and I drop to my knees.

I'm face to face with Greg's long, cut cock, easily eight inches. I look up and see his chocolaty eyes urging me on. In one fell swoop, I swallow the entire thing, eliciting a gasp from him. He tastes soapy and clean, with just a hint of musk in the background. I swirl my tongue around the head of his tool, savoring his rough breaths and moans.

Before long, Greg is thrusting his shaft down my throat. I frantically manipulate my cock, lost in the thought of my boss coming in my mouth. I can sense he is getting close as his breathing becomes more ragged. He thrusts deeply one last time before withdrawing from my mouth and curling his hand around my cock. He rapidly strokes himself, sucking air in through his teeth and groaning.

"I'm gonna come," he announces, and just the sight of his contorted face, the fapping sound of him beating off his meat, and the increasingly masculine smell of his sex, sends me over the edge. I spill

my load on the tile floor just as Greg dribbles his on my right cheek. He scoops some of his seed up with his cock head and shoves it back in my mouth. I swallow all of him, letting the thick saltiness coat my throat. He runs his hands through my hair once before bending over to pick up his pants.

He buttons and zips back up, and then goes to the sink to wash his hands. I'm still on the floor, only now realizing that I dribbled a little semen on my pants when I came. He turns the water off and turns to me. "Good to have you on board, Eli. Let me know if you need anything."

"Thanks, Greg. I will," I say, standing up and going to the sink. I can see him in the mirror as he opens the door.

"Call me Mr. Fallon, please." And then he's gone. I finish cleaning myself off, go back to the urinal to finish my business from earlier, and then go back to the break room to fill my coffee mug. I can hear the voice coming from the office again, and I realize that it's Mr. Fallon. I sip my coffee, wondering if Sarah has been looking for me. I listen to Mr. Fallon's phone conversation for a moment, and my dick starts to harden again.

Good Lord. Forty jobs later, I've finally found one I think I'm gonna like.

Stair Walking

Harper Bliss

Delphine was the shy one. I never heard her come in or go out, yet she was always there, behind a closed door, when I needed to ask her something complicated about numbers. That's how I first started talking to her. Our only introduction before had been a limp wave from behind her desk, me leaning in the doorway with our boss: a loud, brash guy who thought he knew everything. In truth, it's always the quiet ones who know best.

I knocked gently on her door so as not to disturb too much of her inner peace.

"Yes?" The soft response came through cheap wood veneer.

I nudged the door open only far enough to stick my head in—it felt wrong to expose her to too much of the world outside the safety of her office. She dressed butch, but in a posh way. Sneakers: dark, expensive ones. V-neck sweaters that didn't hide her breasts. The collar of her blouse always starched to perfection.

"Can you give me the mark-up on those metal rings?" I checked the hot pink Post-It note I brought. "Product AJ457. I keep getting a different number."

There was something aristocratic about her cheekbones and her skin was always tanned, as if she spent her weekends at a remote beach house. She fixed her brown eyes on me and without blinking—nor thinking—she said, "Twenty-eight percent."

I wanted to ask if the numbers were in her head, at her disposal at any time, but Delphine was not one for using more words than necessary. I even believed her to have a daily quota. "Thanks," I said instead, and then padded back to my office, a little mesmerized by the intensity of her gaze.

That was the first time we spoke, and I will always remember it. Not because the conversation was significant in any way—I've asked her for countless percentages since then—but because it was the first time I felt it. My heart compressing a few beats into one, and my skin flushing over nothing. She had that way about her, a brooding darkness in her eyes that got to me. A firmness in the way she stacked papers on her desk betraying her reasons to be so withdrawn. This wasn't personality; this was a well-practiced act.

Despite working on the sixth floor, Delphine always took the stairs. I suspected the close proximity to other people in the elevator was a nightmare for her. One evening, after we both worked late, I followed her down the staircase. I'd been meaning to do so for a

while, but I didn't have a system with which I could track her comings and goings. She was elusive, wearing soft-soled shoes that barely made a whisper as she stalked through corridors. That night was simply a coincidence, highly anticipated on my part.

I couldn't hear a thing as I made my way down the stairs. She had maybe one flight on me, but I could only base that assumption on a silly time calculation—and numbers weren't really my thing. I quickened my pace in the hope of catching up with her and engaging her in some casual small-talk. Or walk down side-by-side in silence. That would have been enough for me, a mute camaraderie developing between us at the edge of office hours.

"I don't like to be followed." A clipped voice growled at me through semi-darkness. She'd chosen a flight with only a flickering bulb shedding scattered light on us to scare the living daylight out of me. She leaned against the wall, her eyes on fire—and terribly mismatched with the bourgeois butch flair of her outfit. Black trousers, white blouse, beige V-neck.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—"

"Don't make the mistake of doing it again."

I'd barely caught my breath before she disappeared around the next corner. I stood there gasping for a while, until the sweat on my back dried up. All I wanted was to see her again.

I hurried down the steps, but by the time I made it into the lobby, she was long gone. I couldn't help but wonder what her punishment would be if she found me chasing her footsteps again.

The next few weeks, I took the stairs at irregular intervals hoping for the same dose of luck as last time. It didn't happen. Noise was not something I could go on, so I had to make it down every time with my heart throbbing in my chest, both hoping and fearing she'd be lurking around the next bend. She never was. But then the team-building event happened.

It was mandatory and stupid, like most of these things. As if putting people in a brightly lit room and pushing their invisible fun-button would ever work. We all gathered in the conference room where five tables of two had been set up in a circle. My boss stood in the middle, a yellow bow-tie straining around his wide neck.

"Welcome to our first annual quiz night. I'll be your host this evening." It was common knowledge that Greg's favorite hobby was playing a ruthless game of Trivial Pursuit—not even letting his children win on their birthday. "Please divide yourselves in teams of two."

Delphine stood sulking in a corner, her hands in her pockets, one foot crossed over the other. Her eyes looked glassy, as if she were

trying very hard to imagine she was anywhere else but there with us, her colleagues, in that conference room on a Friday evening after four. In two strides, I was by her side, avoiding Polly, with whom I shared an office.

"What do you think? I'm good at music, gossip, and geography. You're good at math and scaring people. Perfect pair, no?" Perhaps my approach was too direct for Delphine, but I was amped up by the prospect of sitting next to her for ten full rounds of racking our brain for useless facts, a bottle of wine shared between us.

"Whatever." She shot me a weary glance, eyes dull and lips drawn into a thin slit. Where did she usually go on Friday nights? Did she have any special hobbies?

"I'll take your lack of enthusiasm as consent." I sat down at the nearest table. "What should we call our team?"

"How about the Stair Walkers?" She didn't smile. She said it as if it was a number she'd just crunched, dry and matter-of-factly.

"Good one."

We didn't win. Delphine appeared to not possess one competitive bone in her body, and we both lacked considerably in our knowledge of spiders, desert plants, and serial killers—three of Greg's favorite topics. We both knew the answers to the easy questions but blanked on the specialized ones, and Greg had prepared a lot of those. In the end, we turned it into a drinking game and downed a good gulp of cheap wine every time we came up short.

After the winners—Polly and Michael—had been crowned, and exaggerated compliments and condolences exchanged, Delphine grabbed her jacket and bag.

"I'm taking my usual route out of here," she said, one hand pushing a stray strand of hair out of her eyes and the other filling her trouser pocket. "Do you want to come?"

"Erm." It wasn't hesitation on my part, just shock. "Sure." I waved goodbye to the others, a boozy mist clouding my brain, and ducked into the stairwell with Delphine. The conference room was on the eighth floor, so we had two extra flights to tackle.

We descended in silence, the only sound the ticking of my heels on the concrete stairs. *Click-clack*, they went, ominous sounds in the darkness. *Click-clack*—the same rhythm as the throbbing between my legs.

When we reached the half-lit area of the stairwell, the one where she'd cornered me a few weeks earlier, she stopped dead in her tracks. She dropped her bag to the floor and crossed her arms in front of her chest. Her V-neck was orange, the blouse underneath pitch black.

"I know why you followed me in here that day." Her voice was lower than usual and a little alcohol-soaked.

"Oh, yeah?" I leaned against the wall, acutely aware of the moist goings-on underneath the carefully ironed fabric of my skirt.

"I could practically smell it on you." She took a step closer. "Like a bitch in heat." I inhaled the wine on her breath.

"Why am I here, then?" The lamp blinked above us, erasing our presence for a split second.

"As if you don't know." Slowly, she let her jacket slip off her arms. It fell to the ground with a rustling whisper.

Of course I knew. I just hadn't expected it. The sudden authority in her voice set my blood on fire, driving it, beat by beat, to my pulsing pussy lips. In response, I locked my eyes with her blazing brown ones and bit my bottom lip. As a yes, it would suffice.

"Unbutton your blouse," she commanded. I had known it would be this way. I had seen it in her glance that day I craned my head around the door frame of her office. I'd deducted it from the aura of controlled silence in which she wrapped herself. The quiet ones always know best.

I complied immediately, curling my fingers around the buttons of my bright white shirt. Once they were all open, allowing a glimpse at my white lace bra, I yanked the blouse out of my skirt and ripped it open, my chest on full display for Delphine. She didn't move a muscle. My nipples were hard against the fabric of my bra—their own silent scream for release.

"Off," Delphine ordered and, just like she'd done with her jacket earlier, I let it slide to the floor. I didn't follow its path with my eyes, unable to tear my gaze away from her, but I imagined the puddle of whiteness it created on the dirty concrete floor, not belonging there. As out of place as this whole scene.

"Bra." She nodded at my chest. My skin was covered in goosebumps, partly from excitement and partly from leaning against the cold gray wall.

I brought my arms to my back and unhooked my bra. My nipples perked up more as I let it glide off, adding to the heap of discarded white clothes on the floor.

"Hike up your skirt." Despite keeping her body in check, I could see everything happening in Delphine's eyes: a storm of emotions raging in the black of her pupils, darkness on darkness.

I did as I was told; after all, that's what I was there for. My panties were black and unremarkable. I hadn't exactly planned for this. She inched toward me and brushed her fingers against my belly. A high voltage current struck me, hard. It ripped through my flesh and collided in my clit. She slid a finger underneath the waistband of my panties. I understood. I couldn't get them off fast enough. I was naked except for a hitched-up skirt around my hips. She was fully dressed—

and fully in command.

"You'd better be wet." Her voice was a mere, but loaded, whisper, a reflection of the turmoil in her eyes—like muted lightning.

Her finger grazed my clit, just an inkling of a touch, and then circled around it. Again and again. Close enough to make me gasp for air, but distant enough to not tip me over the edge. Her eyes were still on me, her ragged breath warming my nose. She must have seen I was hers then, must have seen it in my eyes between the uncontrolled fluttering of my lashes.

The circles became bigger, longer, until her fingers reached the rim of my cunt, a wet throbbing mess at her disposal. One soft sigh and she was in me, her finger going deep with the first thrust. I lost it then, lost my composure, and slammed my head against the wall, grating the skin of my shoulders raw against the uneven concrete.

"Kiss me," I hissed. It was only common courtesy. I knew she wouldn't do it.

"Shh," she said as she added another finger, another level of pleasure. She fucked me hard—there was nothing gentle about it. Just her fingers claiming my cunt. For balance, she leaned her other hand against the wall, and I let my cheek slide against the wool of her sleeve. At least it was something.

Being an expert at sniffing them out, I'd been with women like Delphine before and I knew better than to come without explicit permission.

She buried her fingers deep inside of me, three now, spreading me wide.

"Oh, god," I moaned as it started to crash through me, that warm tingle that can quickly spread into wild fire. It roared in my neglected clit and in my puffed-up pussy lips. It shattered my self-control as it roamed across my flesh and trembled through my muscles. And then, she retreated, leaving me with a big, gaping wound of a cunt and a million unfulfilled desires.

"Come for me now." It was more a grunt than a command, the edge of a dying wish clinging to her words, maybe desperation. I knew how women like Delphine got their kicks. I was made for them, my brain especially wired for the likes of her.

She circled my clit again, full contact this time. Fast and confident. Flick-flick-flick.

"Now," she whispered in my ear, her lips grazing my skin, her other hand almost in my hair. My clit reacted to her command. It pulsed violently against her finger as the fire inside tore me apart. Lightning struck my nerves as I came for her. As I obeyed. Then, at last, she kissed me gently on the cheek.

We've been stair walking ever since.

1-888-BOREDOM

Raven de Hart

Cubicle jobs are the epitome of boredom. I'm serious. I sit in my beige chair, in my beige cubicle, on a beige carpet, with beige walls, surrounded by twenty other beige cubicles with beige chairs. What do I do? I redirect people to the number for the new offices. For eight hours a day, I rattle off, "one eight-eight-eight two-six-seven three-three-six-six". I actually figured out what it spells on my lunch break: boredom. One eight-eight-eight boredom. I checked it five or six times, just to make sure.

I'm only here for another week, maybe two, before the job disappears. I'm a temp. But it's about the best job I could find straight out of high school. It pays twelve bucks an hour, so I'm good with it. And there *is* one more perk.

Mail time. I never get anything, but I make sure I'm ready when it comes around. It always starts between ten o'clock and a quarter after, so I watch the elevator starting at five 'til. That's when Tommy shows up. He's a little older, about twenty-three. Hey, that's not creepy. It's only five years difference.

I've spoken to him a few times, mostly just exchanging a hello. Doesn't matter—I got the cubicle right next to Rhonda. She's a horrid, gossipy, vindictive bitch with a face like a pug that ran into a sliding glass door. But she's also one of the few on this floor that isn't a temp, so she gets a shit pot full of mail, and an awful lot of packages. All that means for me is Tommy sticks around for a while.

When he came up this time, cart loaded up almost to his eye level, I figured it would take some time for him to get here, and almost turned back around. I couldn't really see him over the stack of boxes and letters, anyway. But he passed by Jeanie, Rob, Sarah, Tim, and Dalton, not dropping anything off for them. He rounded the corner, but still nothing. Rhonda was his first stop. "They're for you."

She poked her head up over the top of the cubicle. "All of them?"

"Half of them." He bent down to the bottom row to grab a clipboard, tightening the seat of his pants. Not that they were ever loose. Skinny jeans. But bending over still showed off that ass. Pert and round. He dragged his finger down the list. "Yep. The top half." He looked at the cart and groaned. "Would you give me a hand?"

She lowered herself back into her chair. "That's what they pay you for. Too much if you ask me."

He laughed. It was big, and bellowing, and fake. He reached to the top box. Not that far, but... well, here's the thing. He wears these

shirts that are just a little too small; so when he has to stretch up or something, I get to see this flash of skin and underwear. He wears those bright-colored Y-front briefs. And he has a fantastic body. Not like male model status, but he's got those *almost* abs. There's some definition there, but he's not *cut*. Like somebody took a blurry picture of a guy with abs.

I caught myself staring. Really not a good idea. Too easy to get caught. I turned back around, staring at the beige, waiting for the next call, but I kept Tommy in my peripheral vision. His hair, sort of like dark amber, bounced around when he moved; a nice offset to the pinkish skin.

Even with all those boxes, it only took him fifteen or twenty minutes to get the cart unloaded. After that, he went into the big office, putting him out of sight. I watched after him as long as I could without looking too suspicious; not long enough. Before I slid back into my cubicle, though, I caught sight of the boxes he unloaded for Rhonda. He made a wall, right in front of the entrance to her cubicle. "That's what you get for being a bitch," I whispered.

It came to lunch time, another two hours behind me. I spun my chair around. Didn't work so well. It spun about ninety degrees before one of the wheels caught, almost toppling me onto the floor. I scrounged around down there, searching for the obstruction. Some kind of paper. When I pulled it out, I grinned. A letter. A big fat manila envelope that was supposed to go to Tommy Richards.

"That's exactly what I was looking for." Tommy stood in the entrance to my cubicle, leaning against the dinky little wall. "I was hoping it was out here. I'd rather not go back into the big office to pick *this* up."

"I hope it wasn't fragile." DEFCON ONE! He was talking to me. For an extended period of time. On purpose. "I accidentally ran over it."

Why the fuck would you say that, idiot? I ran over your shit. You want it, maybe? He chuckled and grabbed it, ripping it open. "Fuck."

"I'll pay for whatever it is."

"No, not you." He chucked the envelope on my desk, clutching his thumb. "It's that stupid military-strength paper. Got the paper cut from Hell."

"Oh, shit." I reached into the bottom drawer of my desk. "I might have a bandage or two left."

"It's all right. I'll just put some ice on it."

"The ice machine hasn't worked since I got here." I pulled out one less than beautiful bandage and handed it to him. "It's not the best, but..."

"Thanks." He used his teeth, eerily white, to hold the wrapper

while he tore it off. He put it on the cut. Mostly. There was still a little bit of the split showing, but I couldn't see any blood leaking through. Tommy shook his head. "You have any scissors?"

I shook my head and dug into my pocket. "I've got a knife."

He grabbed it and flicked out the blade. "That works." He sliced off what was left of the envelope's top and reached inside. "No worries." He pushed the knife back into my hand, touching my palm. Touching *me*. "Been waiting for these."

"What are they?" I caught myself and got up. Time to extricate myself. "Sorry. None of my business."

"I'm losing my job." Balling up the papers, he shrugged. "You would have found out tomorrow anyway."

"You're not moving with the rest of the staff?"

"Hell no. I'm a temp." He sighed. "You'll probably get one before too long, too."

"I know. Two more weeks at the long end of the spectrum."

"It's kind of sad." He stepped out of my cubicle and, without question, I followed him. He smelled like fresh paper and copper. "I never had an office fling."

"What?" I heard him just fine, but it's the kind of thing I kind of had to hear again. There was some grade five tingling going on in my nether regions when he said that. Needed some time to get *that* under control. "Looking like that, you couldn't get any bites on the line?"

"Of course I did." We rounded the corner into the lunchroom. Why did I follow him? Two words: gor and geous. We sat at one of the tables and Tommy leaned the chair back until it was just on the two rear legs. "Who in the office would I sleep with? Donald? Tim? That twit with the stuffed fish?"

"Point."

"For fuck's sake, this place is devoid of anyone doable." He leaned around, eyeing me up and down. "Stand up."

"What?"

"I've only ever seen you sitting down. Stand up."

"Okay." I rose and turned, my cheeks burning, desperate to force the crotch growth down before he noticed it.

Tommy stood up. "I wasn't entirely right."

"About what?"

"Slow on the uptake." He paused, and then shrugged. "Not too much of an issue." He leaned in, resting his chin on my shoulder. Holding back the boner wasn't happening anymore. His breath hit my ear, hot moist, tickling along the side of my neck. "You. You're my fling."

"S-say that again?"

"The copy room." He grabbed my ass just as Mark—the twit with

the stuffed fish—wandered through the door. He paused a moment, staring at us, and then shuffled to the opposite side of the room. I didn't care too much. Tommy wanted me. He was squeezing my ass. Mark could go fuck himself. Hell, if he didn't toss out that fucking fish soon, that's exactly what he'd end up doing.

Luckily, I wouldn't. Tommy slid his hand away, moving to the door. "I'll see you there at the end of work. You should eat lunch now." He winked. "You never know when you'll need the extra calories."

"Right." I lowered myself into the chair again, crossing and uncrossing my legs to try and get my crotch bulge adjusted to something that could be considered comfortable. Didn't make any headway. "Calories."

I skipped out on the last five minutes of work. Don't know why, but the whole Tommy thing had me feeling rebellious. He *was* an older man after all, even if it was just five years. I slid into the copy room. Nothing. Rebellious was a quick step from nervous, it seemed. I almost backed out. Almost. I remembered who I was talking about here. "Tommy?"

The supply closet opened enough for a hand to slip out, waving me forward. When I got close enough, he grabbed my forearm and yanked me inside, pulling the door shut. "We're in here."

"Why?"

"Just until the clock stops."

"Won't your job be over by then?" Locked in that tiny room, pressed against him, each breath he took pushing his warm body against mine, breathing in that copper and paper scent... damn. "I mean, does it count if you've already lost your job?"

"We're staying in the closet until the clock goes." He pressed his forehead against mine. I could feel one tiny vein pulsing there; smell the remnants of something sweet on his breath. His hands danced down my back, under my shirt, plucking the waistband of my boxers. "That doesn't mean we can't get started."

His lips pressed into my cheek, right next to my ear. He followed the line of my cheekbone, the tips of his hair tickling my ear as he moved down. He stopped at my mouth, hovering just in front of my upper lip. "Are you a top or a bottom?"

"Top." I hoped that was the right answer. I took his lips sliding over mine as a yes. He shared the sweetness with me, his tongue twirling into my mouth, wet and hot. I grabbed his hair, combing my fingers through it, knotting it around my knuckles.

An electronic version of Baba Yaga's Hut broke the moment. Tommy pulled away, digging out his cell phone. "Time." He pulled his shirt over his head and stuffed it on one of the shelves, and then

opened the door. It took a bit for my eyes to adjust to the light, but I saw him move away. When I *could* see, Tommy stood at the copy machine, typing an unlock code. He hit enter and turned around. "A parting shot for the big boss man. Just to show him what I think of this damn company." He marched back up to me, wrapped his wire-muscled arms around my midsection, and lifted my shirt.

When he got it off, he tossed it at the door. I couldn't help but laugh when it caught on the handle. "Lucky shot."

"You think so?" Almost uncomfortably hot, he dragged his hands back along my sides, up to the front, rubbing circles around my nipples with his thumb. The heat pierced deep, traveling along my ribs, filling my whole chest with energy. He leaned in and kissed me again, licking my lips, just touching the edges of my teeth, running the lightest touch along them. His hands drummed up my sides, making bare contact with my skin. All the feeling flowed down to my crotch, vibrating, thrumming, hot and cold.

Before I realized what he'd done, my pants were around my ankles. I tried to cover the major boxer-tenting, but he beat me there, running tiny circles on the tip of the tent, flicking it. My knees shook, weakening with every round he made. With a simple push, his palm flat against my belly button, I toppled to my ass. "Sorry about that." He pulled my slacks off and tossed them. They, too, hit the door handle and stuck. "Lucky shot?"

I shrugged, giving my blood some time to rush back to my brain. Not a lot of blood, but enough to speak. "I still say you're getting lucky."

He sighed and undid his jeans. "We'll see." Another toss. I fully believe they would have stuck on the handle if it wasn't already full. Instead, my pants fell off. "Well, that didn't work."

I traced the lines of his briefs, a bright, tropical blue outlined in white, with my eyes, ending on the distinct bulge pressing out, ending just at the waistband. "I'd say it worked out fine."

"Aren't you sly?" He sucked his bottom lip into his mouth and raised his eyebrows. "You know, this thing makes color copies." He snapped the waistband of his underwear, flashing dark pubes. "Anything you'd like a copy of?"

"There might be"

He beckoned me forward with a single finger, the other hand busy in his underwear, stroking the cylindrical bulge. When I got there, he grabbed my wrist, thrusting my hand into his underwear, wrapping his soft fingers into a fist around my hand, and closing it over his shaft. "Take over for a bit."

As I ran my fist up and down the soft, hot flesh, he hooked his thumbs into his underwear and dropped them. He kicked them up and

caught them. "I've always liked this color." He moved my hand away and turned around, pushing his hips back, slapping the briefs on the copy machine's screen. "Let's see how well this works."

Light flared up, followed by the whirring of the copier. It spit out a perfect copy of the bright blue briefs. "Looks pretty good." He sighed when he turned back around, grabbing me again, and taking hold of my boxers. "Are you a virgin?"

"No."

With a yank my boxers were off, boner popping halfway up to my belly. "Then don't act like it." Pressed against me, he humped, his cock riding under my balls, gliding. He took my earlobe into his teeth, just for a second, and then rested his lips against the ear. "I want you to fuck me."

"Okay."

He chuckled and pulled back, swaying his hips from side to side as he did. "Eager?"

"A-a bit."

He bent over the copy machine, spreading his legs just a bit. Hairless. I knelt, running my hands along the curve of his back, following the smooth, taut cheeks, paler than the rest of his skin. He shuddered, the movement passing through his whole body. I spread his cheeks apart, running a single finger along the crack, pressing a bit when I got to the hole, but not enough to penetrate.

I leaned in my face taking in the scent of his sweat. I pressed in my face, the soft flesh enveloping me, and kissed the hole. Just a peck, and then another, and then another. Each time, I rested there longer. He twitched against me at first contact, no matter how many times I did it. After ten or eleven kisses, I stayed there, spiraling my tongue from the outside slowly inward. When I hit the center, another shudder, his hole contracting. I pulled away and spit, rubbing it around with my tongue. It took a few tries, but I got it slick enough my tongue could slide in. By that point, though, rimming was done, as far as I was concerned.

I stood and spit in my hand, rubbing it all over my shaft. I pressed my dick against his hole, watching the muscles in his back and arms tighten. With a pop, the head pushed in. Tommy groaned, wrapping his fingers around the edges of the copier. As he panted, he fogged up the copy machine's screen. "Put my finger on the copy button."

I didn't have the capacity to question why. I pried his hand loose and pressed it against the big green button. I was okay with it, in retrospect. Gave him a chance to loosen up. He was clenching so hard I worried about hurting him.

He pressed the button and the machine started whirring, spitting out a full-color distortion of his face. Even with one cheek pressed flat,

he was cute. He had to clear his throat to get my attention back where it belonged. "You can start any time. I'm a big boy." He turned his head back and winked. "I won't break that easy."

"Sorry. I'm used to really nervous bottoms."

He scoffed and pushed himself back farther onto my cock. "Do I seem nervous to you?"

His showboating aside, Tommy's voice grew tense after he pushed back. I waited another second, just until his breathing became regular again, and pulled back, running my hands from his shoulder blades down to the base of his spine. When I pushed back in, he groaned and hit the copy button again. Every time I moved out, his body deflated, a mist spreading over the copy machine's screen. When I pushed back in, he took in a gasping breath and printed off another picture of his face.

I went faster each time. Once I hit a steady tempo, I took one hand off his back, ran it across the curve of his ass, down the hip and thigh, and clutched his dick in my fist. When I pulled back, I stroked him down, and then up when I went in. He couldn't catch his face every time, now, but he made as many copies as he could. The machine whirred constantly, sending subtle vibrations into him, and into me, the whole time.

I lowered my body across his, my chest against his back, moving every time he breathed. His smell enveloped me. I took the deepest breaths I could manage, wanting to fill myself with the essence.

I put my hand up against the screen next to his face, closing my eyes. His shaft, warm and soft, grew slicker each time I moved back to the base, pre-come spreading across it. A copy of his face -mouth flung open, eyes closed- spit out of the machine. The next one was tighter, closed jaw; his mouth opened, only the whites of his eyes showing. I watched his hands tighten over the machine, his finger missing the copy button a few times, twitching further away. I changed hands, stroking him faster, and held his finger in place on the button while he pressed it.

It didn't take long. His muscles tightened, hole clenching around me. He managed to press the button a final time before his voice creaked out, a groan, a whimper, heat pulsing through his cock. I heard the gentle drip of come on the floor but kept going, trying to will myself to finish faster.

Seeing the last copy slide out did it. Or at least helped. It was a total O-face. Mouth wide, eyes *almost* closed, hair a little mussed up. A slightly pained look, but *his* face made it look all the better. He loosened up a little bit right before I finished, making the bursting sensation stronger. I had to brace myself against the machine to keep standing.

Everything shook. The world wavered. I had some idea that I pulled out, but nothing really came clear until Tommy turned back around, the tip of his cock still coated. He grinned and held up that final copy. "That'll be a good present for the big boss man." He winked again and made his way to his briefs, but he didn't put them on. Instead, he tossed them to me. "You can keep those. Something to remember me by." He pulled on his jeans, a little wet spot forming on the crotch, and went into the supply closet, coming back out with his shirt on. "I probably won't see you again, but if I do, I'll wave."

"What do you mean you won't see me again?"

"Look, this was fun, but that's about it." He sighed. "Sorry if I got your hopes up."

"No. It's all right." All of a sudden, I was feeling very exposed. I snagged my boxers and put them on. "I just figured I was a good enough lay to warrant a second time."

He sighed and flung an arm over my shoulders. "It's nothing to do with that, trust me. Besides, if word gets around that you're fooling around with me, don't you think it could put your job in jeopardy?"

"I guess so."

He tossed me my shirt and held the picture up to the light. "I think this'll be a nice send off." He gave one final wink. "Tomorrow ought to be interesting for you. Almost wish I was sticking around to see it."

"Something happened last night." Mr. Beller waddled in front of all of us, holding up the picture of Tommy's orgasm face. "I'm personally glad we've gotten rid of him, now, but it'd like to know if anyone has any insight on this matter." He scanned over the office. "Anyone?"

I could help but raise my hand. "It's a bit of a delicate subject, but if I could be frank, I think he's saying fuck you. I mean, if that face is what I think it is. Sir."

On instinct, I turned to the elevator at mail time, but I caught myself halfway around and went back to my work. How was I supposed to know I would *actually* get mail? Never happened before. The cart pusher didn't say a word and was already out of sight by the time I looked. I used my pocketknife to slice open the envelope. It was a handwritten note with nothing but a phone number on it. Well, one other thing. In the corner: *I changed my mind*.

Fair Play

Anna Hedley

It constantly amazed Ethan how often he managed to screw up and what exactly constituted screwing up. Turning up fifteen minutes early for work instead of twenty was screwing up. A minor spelling mistake in the first draft of a letter he hadn't even sent out yet was screwing up. Using shorthand when trying to take the minutes of a busy meeting with a dozen different speakers rather than fully-constructed sentences in the Queen's English was screwing up. Arriving for work out of breath because the lift was broken and he'd run up the stairs to avoid the aforementioned only turning up fifteen minutes early conundrum was *still* screwing up. In fact, anything he did that didn't involve him preempting the rapidly shifting moods of a sadistic madman was screwing up.

Said sadistic madman was Mr. Berk. Ethan knew he'd screwed up because he'd appeared in front of Ethan's desk.

When Ethan had received the phone call to say he'd gotten the job as a Personal Assistant to the head of a small firm of accountants, he'd thought all his Christmases had come at once. It was practically unheard of for a twenty-year-old graduate with no prior experience to land a job with a thirty-grand-a-year salary, company car, company phone, and opportunities for promotion. Now, after a mere four days in the company of Mr. Berk, he was beginning to suspect rather than impressing the interviewer, he'd been the only applicant.

Ethan had been quite taken by Mr. Berk at first. For one thing, he was the head of the company even though he didn't look much older than Ethan himself. For another, he was gorgeous. He was at least six feet tall with pale skin, slick, black hair, and black-rimmed glasses over bright green eyes. Mr. Berk was all neatness and tailoring, a far cry from Ethan, who could possibly pass for cute; he worked out just enough to have a good body, but was really just sort of big, awkward, and freckled. Old ladies tended to smile at him, and other men tended to size him up, as if he might decide at any point to slam one of his big, awkward hands into their faces.

Mr. Berk, however, didn't seem to care how big Ethan was. He waved a coffee cup in front of Ethan's face.

"You over-sweetened the coffee," he said.

How he'd over-sweetened the coffee, Ethan didn't know. He'd made it to the exact specifications he'd been given, strong but milky, a dash of cream and half a sugar. He'd measured the half by digging out a set of scales from the cupboard and practically counting out every

single grain. Even so, apparently what he'd managed to produce, by the sound of Mr. Berk's tone, was a cup of over-sweetened coffee that tasted of failure. Sugary failure.

Mr. Berk was wearing a green silk tie that danced across the top of Ethan's desk as he continued to wave the coffee cup. Ethan concentrated on that tie. He imagined wrapping it in his fist and pulling Mr. Berk into him for a rough kiss. That would shut him up.

"When I give you an instruction," Mr. Berk said, "I expect you to follow it to the letter."

Ethan kept watching the tie. If he just grabbed it, what would Mr. Berk do? Would he be outraged? Would he punch him? Or would he kiss back?

"Perhaps I wasn't clear enough," Mr. Berk continued. "Or perhaps my instructions were too complicated. Your CV did say that you lacked experience. Perhaps you've never made a cup of coffee before."

"No," Ethan said. "I understood perfectly well."

"And yet it tastes like I'm drinking a cup of sugar."

Mr. Berk took another sip and blanched to illustrate his point.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Berk," Ethan bit out. "I'll make you another."

"I don't think I trust you with that."

Mr. Berk placed the nearly-full coffee cup on Ethan's desk and took a ten pound note from his pocket.

"Here," he said. "Go across the street and buy me a coffee. Some breakfast as well."

"What would you like for breakfast, Mr. Berk?"

Ha! Ethan wouldn't be caught out that easily. He thought he saw a look of bitter disappointment flash over Mr. Berk's face at not being able to chastise him for choosing the wrong breakfast, but he recovered well.

"A croissant with butter. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Berk."

Ethan took the money, locked his computer (he'd received a thorough dressing down for forgetting to do that on his first day) and headed back down to street level.

Even at ten in the morning, the coffee shop across the street was heaving. Ethan took his place in the queue, miserably picturing the telling off he would receive for taking so long. He could go back to the office shop, which would be almost empty right now, and pick up a coffee and a croissant from there, but then he'd face a different telling off, another one about his not following instructions to the letter.

Ethan sighed and shuffled forward. Maybe he'd lick Mr. Berk's croissant. That would show him. A nice, warm croissant with butter and saliva. He moved forward again and checked his watch.

He wasn't going to lick the croissant.

It took twenty-five minutes all in all; queuing, ordering, and delivering Mr. Berk's breakfast to his office. God, Ethan hated Mr. Berk's stupid, beige office and his pine blinds and stupid, huge, desk without a single thing atop it. Its sparseness only seemed to draw more attention to the things Ethan lay out in front of him: a coffee with a cardboard sleeve, a wooden stirrer, an unmolested croissant (still warm and buttery), and a single sachet of sugar, which Mr. Berk picked up.

"Only one sugar?" he said.

"Yes," Ethan said, trying not to show he was out of breath. "You said you take half a sugar. That's enough for two coffees."

Mr. Berk lifted an eyebrow at him. He took the lid from the coffee, sprinkled what was clearly more than half a sugar into it and stirred. He took a sip.

"It's cold," he said.

Ethan picked up the coffee and threw it into Mr. Berk's chest. Mr. Berk screeched, bolted upright, and pulled his shirt open.

Oh, fuck.

Ethan stood, gaping, the empty coffee cup still in his hand. Several thoughts were warring for attention. Like *oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck I've just thrown hot coffee over my boss* and *I* knew *that coffee was still hot.* The one that brain decided to bring to the fore was *Mr. Berk has a nice chest.*

He did have a nice chest. He was broader than he looked in his designer suits, with perfect abs and pectoral muscles. He had downy, dark hair on his chest, leading from below his navel until it disappeared beneath the waistband of his trousers. And some absolute idiot had ruined it by throwing hot coffee over it and leaving a blotchy, red mark.

"What on Earth possessed you to-?"

"I'm sorry!" Ethan cried. "I shouldn't have done that. I really shouldn't have, but you've been such a bastard to me ever since I got here. You yell at me for every little thing, even when I haven't done anything wrong, and I've been biting my tongue every time."

Mr. Berk planted both hands on his desk and leaned over it. The movement pulled the tails of his shirt back. His tie still hung from the loop around his neck, dangling incongruously over his bare chest.

"So you decided to punish me?" he said.

"I-What?"

Mr. Berk leaned further across his desk so that they were almost nose-to-nose. "Surely you can find a better way to vent your frustrations than to throw a drink at me?"

Ethan swallowed. He clenched his fist reflexively, crushing the paper cup in his hand. This had to be a test. This was his punishment

for throwing the coffee. He would do or say something horribly embarrassing, revealing all those naughty little fantasies he'd been having about Mr. Berk. Mr. Berk would laugh and hold them over his head for the rest of his working life.

"Well?" Mr. Berk lifted his eyes over the frames of his glasses to fix Ethan with an intense stare.

Ethan cleared his throat. He turned his back on Mr. Berk and dropped the crumpled cup into the wastepaper basket. He closed the office door and drew the blinds. There were no objections to any of that. No mockery.

Okay.

"What's your name?" Ethan said. "I mean, I don't even know your first name."

"Vincent, but I'd prefer it if you continued to call me Mr. Berk." He flashed a smile. "Or sir."

"Sir," Ethan repeated, tasting the word.

"Well?"

"Stand up, sir, and take your clothes off."

Mr. Berk—Vincent—stood up. He slipped off his jacket and hung it over the back of his chair. Ethan stared at him. The still half-open shirt he wore was thin enough that Ethan could see Vincent's skin through it. Vincent really was perfect, like a male model or a porn star, with developed biceps that bent and bunched as he moved his arms to undo his tie. He dropped it onto the desk, and then he undid the last couple of buttons of his shirt. It was ruined, a huge, dark coffee stain saturating the front of it. Ethan felt a little flush of shame as Vincent clicked his tongue and dropped the shirt onto the desk in disgust. Vincent toed off his shoes and pulled off his socks. There shouldn't be a remotely sexy way to take off socks, but Vincent somehow managed it, bending down so that the seat of his trousers stretched over his amazing arse. He straightened and stood up, shirtless and barefoot, and looked to Ethan for instructions.

"Strip, sir," Ethan said, when he managed to find his voice. "Take everything off."

Vincent opened the button and fly of his trousers and eased them down. God, he was even more gorgeous than Ethan had imagined. Every inch of him. Even his legs. All taut muscle and soft, black hair. He was wearing a pair of dark green silk boxers. He hooked his fingers into the waistband.

"Wait," Ethan said.

Vincent stopped and cocked an eyebrow at Ethan. Ethan crossed the room, pulled out Vincent's chair and sat in it. He was already hard, his erection straining against the thick material of his office trousers. Vincent was only half-hard, the outline of his cock visible

through the silk boxers that Ethan's fingers itched to touch. Ethan patted his lap.

"Mr. Berk, sir," he said. "Lie across my lap and receive your punishment."

Vincent hardened fully at the order. He raised a hand as if about to touch himself through his boxers, and then dropped it. He walked across the floor and stooped to drape himself across Ethan's knee. Ethan ran his palm across Vincent's buttocks, enjoying the texture: cold silk over warm skin. He smoothed the boxers over Vincent's arse. Vincent shivered. He pressed up into Ethan's hands. Ethan stroked over the roundest parts of Vincent's buttocks, and then extended a finger to tease at Vincent's hole through the silk. Vincent shuddered. He rolled his pelvis over Ethan's lap. Ethan could feel the heat and thick length of his erection.

"Pull your boxers down, Mr. Berk," Ethan said.

Vincent did. He took the waistband in both hands and, bucking up just a little, dragged them down to his thighs. Ethan gave a murmur of appreciation. Vincent's spectacular arse was made even better now it was bared to Ethan. He had to resist the urge to simply gouge his nails into it or gnaw on it for a bit.

Instead, he brought his palm down hard on Vincent's right buttock. Vincent liked that. moaned at the impact and raised his arse for another.

"That was for Monday," Ethan said. He brought his hand down again, hard enough to leave a pink impression of his palm on Vincent's pale skin. "And that's for Tuesday."

Vincent moaned again, a sound that felt like an electric shock through Ethan's groin. Vincent rubbed against Ethan's thigh. Even through the material of his trousers, Ethan could feel that the head of Vincent's cock was slick with pre-come. Ethan could picture it, straining hard, jutting from his body.

"And Wednesday," Ethan said, smacking the other cheek this time, leaving a matching red handprint. Vincent moaned again. Ethan's cock twitched. He brought his hand down again. "And Thursday."

He stroked his hand gently over Vincent's buttocks. The skin was burning where he'd marked it. Vincent twitched, bucking his hips so he could roll his erection over the friction of Ethan's thigh.

"And for today," Ethan said, barely managing to keep his voice steady. "I think you should bend over your desk for me."

Vincent levered himself from Ethan's lap. His glasses had fallen down his nose, so he pushed them up with a finger. His hair was ruffled, soft strands sticking up where it had been neatly gelled down. He turned and leaned over the desk, hands stretched out in front of him, an arch in his back as he held himself up.

"Spread yourself for me," Ethan said. "Sir."

Vincent's breath was coming in short, soft pants. The matching hand prints on his buttocks were still vivid red. Ethan couldn't resist palming himself through his trousers as Vincent spread his legs. Vincent dipped his upper body and lifted onto the balls of his feet to push his arse into the air. He let his upper body fall onto the desk and brought his hands around behind him to spread his buttocks apart. Ethan gave himself another squeeze as he looked at Vincent's tight hole, the heavy cock and balls hanging between his legs.

"Top left drawer," Vincent barked, the sharp tone clashing with his appearance of perfect submission.

Ethan scrambled for the handle, not quite willing to give up the view just yet. He let his gaze fall once the drawer slid open. He raised his eyebrows at the contents. There were a few tubes of lube, a couple boxes of condoms, and a large dildo that made Ethan wonder what Vincent got up to when he was alone in here. He selected some lube and a condom and put them on the desk next to Vincent.

"Ball your fists into your lower back," Ethan said.

Vincent did so without question, still bent over the desk. Ethan picked up his green tie and looped and knotted it around Vincent's wrists.

"Is that okay?" he asked.

Vincent looked over his shoulder at him. The look he gave him made Ethan's toes curl.

"Get on with it," he snapped.

"Yes, sir."

Ethan unfastened his own trousers and freed his cock. He was so hard it almost hurt, foreskin drawn back to reveal the dark head. He gave it another squeeze around the base. He picked up the lube and flipped the lid open. He drizzled a little between Vincent's buttocks. Vincent twitched and let out an impatient hiss between his teeth. Ethan patted him on the thigh to reassure him. He poured lube onto his fingers and rubbed it over the pads, and then he slipped just the tip of his forefinger inside Vincent.

Vincent moaned. Ethan could see him trembling with the effort to not move. His fists were clenched under the binding of the tie, and the muscles of his arms strained as if he was trying to rip it by brute force. Ethan hummed in appreciation. Vincent was *tight*, but he was also relaxed enough for Ethan to push his finger all the way inside him.

Ethan withdrew his finger to add more lube. Vincent moaned at the loss. Ethan crooked two fingers inside him this time. Vincent pushed against him, burying him to the knuckle. Ethan grabbed Vincent's bound wrists to steady him as he worked his fingers.

"What is taking you so long?" Vincent snapped, voice a little less

clipped with the strain.

"Patience," Ethan said.

Despite the grumbling, Ethan continued to work his fingers until he was sure Vincent was loose enough for him,. When he withdrew them, Vincent was practically growling with frustration. Ethan snatched the condom from the desk and ripped it open. He squeezed the air out of it and rolled it over his cock.

"Ethan."

"Patience, Mr. Berk."

He had half a mind to tease him. That would serve him right for the past week. But the will to be inside Vincent won out over revenge. Ethan took his own cock in his hand and guided it between Vincent's buttocks.

"*Ethan*."

Vincent pushed back again so that the head of Ethan's cock entered him. Ethan was surrounded in tight, clutching heat. He clawed at Vincent's already red buttocks and spread them even farther apart, watching as he entered Vincent inch by inch.

"You feel *good*, Mr. Berk."

Vincent could only moan in response. He slumped forward on the lacquered surface of the desk, one cheek resting against it. His glasses had fallen off. His face was flushed with pleasure and his knuckles were white. The muscles of his back tensed and bunched as Ethan pressed inside him until he was buried to the root.

"*Please*," Vincent said.

Ethan seized Vincent's hips and bent over him so that they were pressed flush, chest to back, thigh to thigh, and pelvis to arse. Ethan could feel Vincent's fingers twitching in their bonds. Ethan licked a bead of sweat from the back of Vincent's neck. His skin was molten-hot and salty. Ethan licked his lips to savor the taste. He groaned at Vincent's answering shiver, the tense and relaxation of all the stretched, taut muscles underneath him. The clenching of Vincent's inner muscles around his cock as Vincent tried to force him to move. Ethan turned his head to the side and spoke into Vincent's ear.

"And how would you like me to fuck you, Mr. Berk?" he asked with a little shift of his hips to remind Vincent just how deep he was inside him. "I aim to follow your instructions to the letter."

"Hard. Now."

"You need to be clearer than that," Ethan said, smiling into the skin of Vincent's neck. "I'm a bit dense, you know, always screwing up the simplest of tasks."

Vincent hissed through his teeth, and then moaned again as Ethan rolled his hips.

"I want you to fuck me hard," Vincent said. "Right now. So hard I

can feel it in my teeth."

Ethan nipped at his shoulder with his teeth. "Good start, Mr. Berk. Now, *really* convince me."

Vincent practically howled with frustration. "Fuck me. Please. I need it. Fuck me, Ethan."

Ethan dug his fingers into the hollows of Vincent's hips. He gave one long thrust into Vincent and then stilled.

"Like this?" he said.

"Like that but *hard*."

Ethan straightened his back, lifting his weight from atop of Vincent. He gave a few shallow thrusts—not just to annoy him, but to make sure he really could take what he was asking for. Ethan was big all over and, despite what it might have looked like when he'd thrown the coffee, he didn't want to hurt Vincent. Vincent, though, pushed back to meet every thrust.

"Harder," he demanded. "Put all those muscles to use."

Ethan began to pound into Vincent. He dragged him across the lacquered surface of the desk: back and forth, back and forth. Vincent shouted his pleasure at each thrust. Ethan clamped his teeth against his own moans. Vincent was being loud enough for the both of them. Ethan had to steady Vincent again with one hand on his waist to keep him from taking too much too fast. When that resulted in more barked protestations, Ethan slipped his other hand underneath Vincent and fisted his cock. He rubbed the pre-come over the head and down the shaft so that it was slick when he began pumping it in time with his thrusts.

Vincent groaned, still pushing back greedily against every cant of Ethan's hips.

"Fuck," he muttered.

His body clenched around Ethan, and he came into Ethan's hand in long spurts, dipping his head as he rode out his orgasm.

Vincent slumped against the desk, still moaning as Ethan continued to thrust into his sensitized body. Ethan slowed his thrusts, savored the last moments until his vision turned to sparks and he came, too, moaning through clenched teeth.

When he felt like he had control over his legs again, he reached out and untied Vincent's hands. Once Vincent was free, Ethan gripped the base of the condom and pulled out of Vincent.

"Mr. Berk-Vincent, are you okay?"

Vincent got to his feet. "Fine," he said.

Even though he was naked and had been thoroughly fucked, Vincent looked perfectly composed once more. He turned and dressed. When he was finished, he gave Ethan an appraising look.

"Your cock is still hanging out," he said. "So slovenly."

Vincent threw him a packet of wet wipes, which he caught in one hand.

"To clean yourself up with," Vincent explained slowly when Ethan continued to stand there with his mouth hanging open and his cock in one hand, wet wipes in the other.

Ethan turned his back while he cleaned himself up, and then he disposed of the mess in the wastepaper basket. When he'd tucked himself away and turned back, Vincent was sitting at his desk, looking over some paperwork and nibbling on his croissant.

"Vincent?"

"Mr. Berk," Vincent corrected. "You're dismissed."

"Hang on a minute. We just fucked. I just fucked you."

"Did you? I barely felt it."

"Oh, no you don't," Ethan said. He marched over to the desk and slapped his hands down on it. "You're not just going back to being an arse to me after all that."

Vincent lifted an eyebrow at him. "Aren't I?"

"No. You're going to start treating me nicely. You're going to start praising me for everything I do right, and if I do something wrong—*actually* do something wrong—you're going to point it out politely and ask me to try again."

"And why would I do all of that?"

"Because if you don't, I won't fuck you exactly the way you deserve ever again. I'm sure you could pay someone, but you strike me as too proud for that, and your personality's too horrible to attract someone else. You'll push me and push me, and I'll take it all with a smile on my face, knowing that no matter how much of a bastard you are to me, you have nothing but that dildo in your desk drawer to satisfy you."

Vincent met his eyes. Ethan stared him down.

"I will... Try."

"And I think we should go out for coffee."

"I'm not sure I trust you with coffee."

"Oh?"

"But we can go out for a meal, presuming you want to spend time outside of work with someone with such a horrible personality."

Ethan grinned. "It's a date."

His Nonexistent Coffee Break

Lor Rose

"Harris? A word if you please."

"Fuck." If I wasn't about to kill my supervisor before, I am now. The son of a bitch just won't leave me alone. If it isn't that my work isn't perfect down to the mother fuckin T, then it's because I'm out of dress code because my shirt isn't tucked in right. I mean, seriously, the man got on my case about my tie. Why? It was a competing company's yellow, that's why.

"Today, Harris."

I swear to God, Julie, the supply closet junkie, probably heard my teeth grinding together four cubicles over.

"Harris?!"

"I'm coming!" Slamming my coffee mug down, I curse as a little sloshes over the side, scalding my hand. Great. Just fucking great. Now my hand hurts and my supervisor is pissed at me. What else could go wrong? I shouldn't ask that; knowing my stupid luck, I'll get a call about my cat committing suicide or some bullshit like that.

I hardly have time to rinse my burned hand before my supervisor yells for me again. This has to be some form of harassment. Either that or my jackass supervisor gets his shits and giggles from tormenting me.

That must be it.

Fucker.

My brand new, leather loafers make a hollow sound over the wood floor leading to my supervisor's office. "Shut the door," he orders without even looking up from his paperwork as I stride in. The asshole. "Sit." Another command without even the slightest hint as to why I'm here.

Taking the seat closest to me, I steal a minute to not admire his office. I swear I'm not. Although, the dark earthy tones and supple leather are exactly how I'd decorate this office if it were mine. I'll need another two years under my belt here before I'll be considered for a supervisor position. I'd also have the shades open instead of drawn closed like he does all the time. It's too uptight for my liking. Besides, you can't admire the crystal Lilly on his desk properly.

A brass nameplate reading Dean Ingold glares at me from his desk. Its very presence is redundant, considering he has a name plaque on the door, too. Piles of paperwork and folders take up one side of his desk while the other holds his computer and an empty area for him to work.

His Rolex flashes in the light, making my eye twitch. A college graduation ring on his finger reminds me of a life mistake I don't know if I can recover from. I shouldn't call it a mistake, since raising my niece and nephew after my sister died took priority over everything else. A turn of events, perhaps, but not a mistake.

Rhonda, my twin sister, and her husband, Sully, died in a car accident seven years ago on a road trip to Texas. The ironic thing was they were taking the trip to visit the gravesite of our parents, who also died during a road trip when we were fifteen. Our only living relative, our great-aunt Bonny, raised us until she passed away from a heart condition.

When my sister passed, my twin niece and nephew were seven. Now, they're fourteen and at the top of all their classes. I only hope it stays that way and they don't throw it all down the shitter when high school hits.

The rustling of papers pulls my attention back to the man behind the desk. Dean Ingold is the talk of the water cooler, coffee breaks, and deli lunch lines. The ladies want to fuck him, and the men want to be him or, in some cases, be fucked by him. I would say not all ladies want to be fucked by him, but I don't know of any lesbians in this office.

A few ladies and gay men used to try and seduce him, but that was a while ago. His angry growls, stern looks, and threats of firing them pretty much shot that dead horse in the face. Those pretty, amber honey eyes don't help in the non-sexual appeal department. The fact that his sexual orientation is a complete mystery doesn't help, either.

Who the hell am I kidding; his whole life is a mystery. The saying is true: when something isn't known, it will be made up. I think it's some sort of game around here. Something to break the mundane crap that is this office. Who is Dean Ingold? And who put that wedding ring on his finger?

The mysterious ring popped up a little over nine months ago. To say it was a shock for the office is an understatement in the most extreme sense. No one even knew he was dating, let alone engaged. I think some feelings were hurt that none of us were invited to the wedding, but I don't know why. It's not like Ingold is friends with anyone in the office.

My own wedding band gives me comfort and a little peace right now. I will soon go home to my kids and loving husband... If I can ever get out of this office.

Glancing at the clock, my jaw tightens when I realize I've been sitting here for over fifteen minutes. My coffee break just went to hell in a shit basket. We only get one break a day, besides lunch. Bastard.

The asshole likes to see us sweat it out. Too bad I don't give a shit. Plus, I know it's futile to say anything, so I sit and wait.

And wait.

And wait.

"Harris, do you know why I called you in here?"

About fucking time the asshole says something. "No, sir, I don't." It's the God's honest truth. No idea. Hell, I might've worn the wrong political color or anti slogan or something. Maybe my outfit or demeanor is saying Donkey when it should say Elephant, or vice versa. Or maybe my hair is styled wrong. That must be it.

Dean Ingold sighs, making me inwardly cringe. That sigh is never good. "I'm going to have to ask you to re-do those budget reports. We added a few things, and I'm assuming you weren't notified of the changes." Ingold glances at me before continuing to do whatever the hell he's doing. "The thought of you being lazy crossed my mind but we both know that's only half true."

My eye twitches. "I what?"

"Re-do them."

Taking a deep breath I try to contain my anger. "Deadline?"

"Three days."

"Three days! Are you kidding me?"

Ingold leans back in his chair and looks at me like I'm insane or deranged. Maybe both. "I don't joke where work is concerned."

"Don't I fucking know it."

"Three days, Harris."

"Fire me now." Standing up, I head for the door. "Because there is no way in hell I will have nine expense budgets done in three days." A firm hand on my elbow gives me pause and apparently, enough time for Ingold to slam me against the wall. "What the hell?"

Ingold's firm body presses against mine, invading my personal space. His cologne and what I assume is aftershave make me groan. The man smells damn good. A barely there five o'clock shadow brushes my cheek as Ingold leans in and whispers, "I'll give you an extension, but you will have to earn it."

My supervisor presses a little more. His hard cock rubbing against my semi gives me a pretty damn good idea as to what he's talking about. "I don't know what you're implying," I lie. Anyone with half a brain could register the closeness and hard dick for what it really is. The bastard wants a quick fuck. No, no, correction: the cheating bastard wants a quick fuck.

"You and I both know you can't afford to lose this job," he whispers a little too close to my ear, causing a shiver to roll down my spine. "Now, lose the pants or your job."

Panic swells, and my heart beats out of control. He's right, I can't,

but..."No, my husband will—" Ingold kissing me cuts off whatever I'm about to say. The man may be a dick, but fucking-A can the bastard kiss. He easily takes over, letting me know who's in charge here. I'd like to say I'm trying to fight him off, but that'd be a lie straight from Satan himself.

I'm a little horrified when I realize my hands are unbuttoning his crisp and pressed dress shirt. My supervisor's firm touch over my semi has me groaning into his mouth. The bastard doubles his efforts on my mouth, making me dizzy. Nimble fingers soon unbuckle my dress slacks, and I'm ill prepared for a firm hand to grip my hardening shaft. "Son of a bitch," I gasp right before my knees buckle. Thank God Ingold catches me before I fall on my face.

"Quite correct."

To say I'm slightly puzzled as to what he means is somewhat accurate. His free hand moves to my shirt, and I find myself hauled across the small space to his desk, bent over it like some office slut. A lubed finger finds my entrance, and I jump because that shit is cold.

"Ahhh!" My neck bends backwards from Ingold's tight grip. His finger simultaneously entering me doesn't help anything.

"Stay quiet, or it's your job," He whispers.

"Yes, sir," I manage right before his exploring finger rubs over my prostate. "Son of a bitch," I murmur, more to myself than to him. His lips play at my earlobe drawing it in, and a small chuckle sends ticklish shivers down my spine.

Another finger is added to the first, causing a wonderful stinging bite of pain. I freely admit I like a little pain with my fucking, and Ingold takes complete advantage of this fact.

"Remember," he warns, "keep quiet."

"Shit!" I hiss when his fingers are removed and hastily replaced with his cock. The asshole gives me no time to adjust. Instead, he shoves all the way inside and immediately pulls back out.

Ingold's other hand wraps around my dick, pumping quick and hard. "When I sit at my desk, I want to pet the spot where your come painted my wood, Roth."

If I was in proper working mode, I'd laugh, but right now, my brains are complete mush. So, I say what seems appropriate. "Yes, sir."

"Fuck." His rhythm falters a moment before picking up. His hips snap to meet mine, and I know my ass will be red by the time this is over.

Flesh smacking flesh and heavy breathing, with the occasional groan or curse, are the only sounds in the room. For a moment, I fear we're being too loud, but the head of his dick passes over my sweet spot, and then all coherent thought turns to a gurgling mess. "I'm going to come," he tells me, and I'm horrified at my own

disappointment. His hand moves faster over my dick, and he once again slides over my internal I-don't-give-a-shit button.

A familiar tingle begins to tighten my lower half, building up 'til the breaking point. "Son of a..." I groan loudly, and my supervisor milks my dick all over his desk. My ass spasms around his cock. His rhythm falters, followed swiftly by two hard thrusts, and then a bite to my shoulder. A grunt tells me he's finally finished.

His bite firms up a fraction, making me hiss before his tongue bathes the area, taking away the sting. "You have a week." He punctuates his statement with a thrust, making me groan. "Now, get the fuck out."

I hiss in pain when he pulls out, and my back instantly goes cold as he moves away. Lowering my head to his desk, I am completely ashamed at what I just did. Pulling up my pants with shaky arms, I manage to not look at him as I dress and leave.

"One week," he states again right before I open the door.

"Yes, sir."

"Shut the door on your way out." I can hear the smirk in his voice, and it makes me cringe.

The walk to my cubicle is pure torture. Not only does every step hurt, but I feel as if everyone in the office somehow knows our supervisor fucked me like some office slut.

Sitting down, I feel his come dribbling from my ass to soak my pants. Fucking-A.

"What did he want?"

I nearly jump out of my skin and almost crawl over the cubicle dividers. Sara, the true office slut, stood just inside my little cubicle bubble with her arms crossed under not-so-ample breasts.

My cheeks heat up from her question, and I know I'm blushing. "Normal asshole shit," I answer rather vaguely. It'd be stupid to tell the office slut about our supervisor. Plus, she'd hate me because she's one of the few who still makes passes and blatant come-ons toward Ingold. She'd turn us both in and get us fired from jealously or some catty bullshit like that.

"You were in there for a while." Sara looks me over, and I can't help but notice her horribly bad blonde dye job.

"You know him." I shrug. "He calls you in, and you end up sitting there for half the day waiting on him to talk."

"I guess so." She looks me over one more time, and I just know the fire department is on its way from my burning cheeks.

She scoffs and walks off. Thank God.

Climbing out of the car, I look over my house, where I know my kids and husband are waiting for me. What happened earlier today

filters through my mind, but I quickly shove it down. There's no way in hell I'm giving my husband an inkling that something's bothering me.

Shutting the car door, I make sure to arm the damn thing before I make my way up the walkway to the front. The door opens for me as my niece-turned-adopted-daughter glares at me. "Did you get the peanut butter?"

Fucking hell..."I'm sorry, sweetie, I forgot."

"Urgh!" She storms off in a way only a fourteen year old girl can.

The sound of the TV upstairs in the game room blaring some kind of video game tells me where my nephew is. "Turn it down!" My only answer is the subtle lowering of the volume.

"Rough day?" I blink as my husband hands me a wine glass. Where the hell did he come from?

Loosening my tie, I take a long swig. "You could say that."

He leans against the entry table, watching me. "What happened?" He takes a proper sip of wine, making me feel like an alcoholic.

"My boss is an asshole."

My husband grins, and his wedding band clinks against the wine glass as he shifts a little. "So you've said multiple times. What happened today?"

"He gave me an impossible deadline, but we negotiated."

"Did you, now?"

Walking over to him, I stand between his legs. "Uh-huh. He gave me a week, but since it's Friday, I don't know if he expects me to work the weekend."

"I have a feeling your boss was only yanking your chain."

His cologne smells all too good. "Really, now?"

My husband's smirk can only be classified as evil.

Fucker.

"Uncle Roth? Uncle D? Can Jasmine come over, and, like... stay?"

"For the night?" My husband asks our snarky teenage twin as he sets his wine glass down.

She rolls her eyes as if his question is the most stupid thing she's heard in her entire life. "Yeah, what else?"

His amber honey eyes sparkle with mischief. "If Jasmine were to 'come over, and, like... stay' as you put it, that could easily mean simply dinner." He put air quotes around "like, stay" before pulling me into his arms.

"Whatever. Can she?"

Firm hands glide over my back, and I can't help but turn to mush, as he responds. "Around 7:30, and we'll have dinner at 8:00."

My niece wanders off without even a thank you and plasters the phone back to her ear. Maybe I'll tell her excessive phone talk causes

brain cancer or something. No, the little shit will just look it up and catch me in my lie.

"Think we have enough time for another round before we have to make dinner?" He asks me right before his hands grab my ass, gently kneading.

"You already had my ass once today, and you were a fuckstick. Hell. Fuck. No."

His chuckle vibrates his chest, and I'm positive I fall in love with him a little more. "You love roleplaying." The sly, cocky smirk of his makes me melt, but I'm sure as hell not going to tell him that. "Besides, I can hand the work off to someone else, but you'll have to earn it."

Instead, I fall back on a timeless technique. "You son of a bitch." Name calling.

"Quite correct." He stands, dragging me toward our bedroom, and I can't help but smile. The talk of the water cooler, coffee breaks, and deli lunch lines is mine. I am the reason that ring is on his finger, and I am the lucky bastard who gets to crawl into bed with him every night.

"Dean Ingold, you are the supervisor from hell."

The smile lighting his face makes him look ten years younger. "Perhaps I am. How about we go to the company picnic next month? Maybe the kids will get off their damn phones long enough to socialize."

"It's the same day as the Emotio concert." To say my niece and nephew are fans would be an understatement from hell.

Dean chuckles. "It's not like they're going anyway. What do you say?" His hand squeezes mine a fraction giving me hope. "Do you want to socialize and be merry with cheap champagne and wine?"

Dean drags me through the bedroom door and my stomach flutters with butterflies like some lovesick school girl. "You'd be outing yourself."

"You are more than worth it." The fear-slash-falling sensation grips me when my husband grabs me and we tumble into bed.

Happiness such as I've never felt almost makes me cry. Okay, that is a lie. I remember being this happy on our wedding day. Dean trying to keep me and the kids a secret from the company is a bit of a sensitive subject for us.

"Maybe my parents would like to come."

A strangled laugh breaks free; it can't be helped. "Your reputation is flying away, fast." Straddling him, I make sure to move only the slightest amounts for the sole purpose of teasing.

"Fuck." Dean's head lulls to the side, giving me the perfect opportunity. Idiot. I lick and nip my way up his neck, and the taste of

him gives me a sense of home. His hands contour over and down my sides, and a happy little sound escapes us both.

Dean Ingold is no mystery to me.

Tele-Romance

Erik Moore

"Oh, come on, you stupid thing. Work!" Rebecca stopped short of banging her fist on the desk, but it was a very near thing.

"I'm pretty sure that's not going to help," came a voice from the other side of the cubicle wall. That would be Steve, one of the other developers on the team. Nothing ever seemed to get to him. He was completely unflappable. It was annoying as hell.

"Maybe not, but it sure makes me feel better."

"Really?"

"No. This payment routine hates me."

"Ask Rebecca B."

Rebecca Barton was the other Rebecca in the office. It had been the source of no small amount of confusion in the office for months, especially since neither woman was content to have her name shortened to Becca or Becky or some other diminutive variation. So, as her full name was Rebecca Atherton, they'd been dubbed Rebecca A and Rebecca B, like they were clones. But where she was five foot six with red hair, blue eyes, and a generous smattering of freckles, Rebecca B was five foot nine and had black hair, green eyes, and perfect skin.

She started to stand, but caught herself. "She's working from home today, isn't she?"

"Every Friday," Steve reminded her.

"Right. Thanks." Rebecca pulled up her instant messenger and scrolled down to the other Rebecca's name.

RebeccaA:
Hey, question for you.

RebeccaB:
What's up?

RebeccaA:
This new payment routine is giving me fits. Can you give me a hand?

RebeccaB:
Sure. Send me a screen-share request.

Rebecca sent the request, and a few seconds later, her mouse pointer began to move on its own as Rebecca B took remote control of her computer. It took the pair of them about twenty minutes to figure out where the program code was going wrong, but Rebecca was sure it would have taken her about two hours on her own. Rebecca B started

the program compile and relinquished control.

RebeccaB:
That should do it. If it's still not working, let me know, and I'll take another look.

RebeccaA:
Thanks so much. It would have taken me forever to figure that one out.

RebeccaB:
Sometimes all you need is a fresh set of eyes.

RebeccaA:
Yep. So, enjoying your Friday working from home?

RebeccaB:
Definitely. Best part about working from home is that I can work naked.

Rebecca blinked in surprise. The image of the shapely brunette sitting naked at a desk jumped unbidden into her mind.

RebeccaA:
Seriously?

RebeccaB:
Oh, yeah. Don't even have to get out of bed. Just drag the laptop in with me and stretch out. It's perfect.

The mental image instantly shifted to Rebecca B languidly stretched across a bed, face and breasts lit by the glow of her laptop, her arm carelessly draped over her hip, hand brushing the top of her thigh, fingertips maybe even dipping slightly down—

The ding from her computer signaling the end of the compile shocked her out of her thoughts, and Rebecca realized with a start that she had a hand on her breast. The flush of heat between her legs seemed to rush directly to her cheeks instead. She hastily looked around, but fortunately, her cubicle was in the back row of the office, and no one was around to have noticed. She looked back to her screen and could feel the flush spreading to her ears as she re-read the comments. It took her three tries, but she finally managed to close the messenger window. To distract herself, she ran the compiled program to see if their changes had fixed the problem. When the test came back clean, she opened up a new mercifully empty window.

RebeccaA:
Looks like it worked. Thanks again!

RebeccaB:
Anytime. If you run into anything else, just let me know.

Just like that. As if nothing had happened. And, Rebecca supposed, from the other woman's point of view, nothing had. It wasn't as though Rebecca B was *trying* to make her all hot and bothered in the middle of the office. She probably had no idea the effect her words had caused. Which was, as far as Rebecca was concerned, all for the best.

It was amazing how quiet an office could get when it was empty. Without all of the creaking of chairs and shifting of bodies, the constant hum of two dozen computer fans, the staccato chatter of fingers on keyboards, and the low murmur of voices, the place could be downright eerie. But Rebecca was down to two support tickets in her queue, and she was determined to close them out before she left. They'd nag at her all weekend if she didn't.

She was just about to finish out the next-to-last one when a messenger window popped up on her screen.

RebeccaB:
Tell me you aren't still working.

Rebecca thought about the embarrassing incident earlier and considered not responding at all. It was after business hours; she was on her own time, technically. If she ignored it, Rebecca B would probably figure that she'd just left her computer on, either accidentally or because she'd started up a process to run over the weekend. In the end, she decided that she was just being silly and there was no reason not to answer.

RebeccaA:
'Fraid so. Want to close out this last ticket before I go home.
RebeccaB:
I know the feeling. Downside of working from home: business hours stop meaning anything.
RebeccaA:
Even on Friday night?
RebeccaB:
Especially on Fridays. I hate going out. Give me Netflix, beer, and sweats over concerts, champagne, and heels anyday.

Rebecca laughed out loud, the sound sharp in the otherwise silent room. She'd always taken Rebecca B for a much more, well, high-maintenance sort of woman. Maybe not champagne and caviar, but definitely cocktails and clubbing. To find out otherwise was a reminder that she really hadn't spent a lot of time getting to know this person who shared her name.

RebeccaA:
You and me both.

RebeccaB:
Hey, listen, I'm sorry if I embarrassed you earlier.

How the *hell* did she know that? Rebecca was mortified. The only way she'd managed to get through the rest of her day today was to hold on to the thought that her little slip had gone completely unnoticed.

RebeccaB:
It's just you went quiet and then changed the subject. I didn't mean to go all NSFW on you. Just teasing.

RebeccaA:
No, it's fine. I wasn't embarrassed.

Total lie, of course, but a harmless one. Her fingers hovered over the keyboard, debating her next question.

RebeccaA:
So you weren't really naked?

RebeccaB:
Well... yeah, actually I was.

Rebecca swallowed. It didn't necessarily mean anything. Could just be empty girl talk. She'd never gotten any kind of sense from Rebecca B that she was anything other than straight. On the other hand, she also had a spectacularly bad track record in that department. Well, one way to find out. On reflex, she looked around, even knowing she was completely alone in the office.

RebeccaA:
Are you still?

RebeccaB:
Why do you want to know?

RebeccaA:
Curiosity.

RebeccaB:
Killed the cat, you know.

RebeccaA:
I'm not a cat.

RebeccaB:
Yeah, I'm naked. I never wear clothes if I don't have to.

RebeccaA:
If I had a body like yours, I wouldn't either.

RebeccaB:
**amused smirk* You've been looking at my body?*

RebeccaA:
Would it bother you if I said yes?

RebeccaB:
Not at all. Makes it easier to admit that I've been looking at yours.

Rebecca's breath caught in her throat. Okay, so she had a busted gaydar, but she was usually pretty good at knowing when someone was checking her out. How had she managed to miss this? Actually, she knew how. This was *work*. She spent her time here completely focused on her job that anything else got pushed aside or outright ignored.

RebeccaA:
Any thoughts?

RebeccaB:
Quite a few, actually.

RebeccaA:
Care to share any of them?

RebeccaB:
Okay.
RebeccaB:
I want to count your freckles.
RebeccaB:
With my tongue.

Rebecca was suddenly insanely glad that her office hadn't installed logging software like some of the more paranoid places she'd worked in the past. That little exchange right there would be enough to get them both fired from offices less laid-back than this one.

RebeccaA:
Holy hell. That... might take a while.

RebeccaB:
I'm sure I could find the time.

RebeccaA:
I think I'd like that.

RebeccaB:
I have a confession. I'm touching myself right now.
RebeccaB:
I have been for a while, actually.

Blood rushed to Rebecca's groin so quickly, she thought she might pass out. The smell of her own arousal assaulted her, and she could feel the moistness of her panties rubbing against her when she squirmed in her chair. She couldn't remember the last time she'd gotten this turned on this quickly, and it certainly hadn't been from a few words on a screen.

RebeccaA:
Oh, God. That is so hot.

RebeccaB:
It would be hotter if you were doing it too.
RebeccaA:
In the office?

RebeccaB:
You wouldn't be the first.
RebeccaA:
You?

RebeccaB:
Oh yeah. Quite a few times.
RebeccaB:
Even have a vibrator tucked away in my bottom drawer.

That mental picture—Rebecca B's long, pale legs propped up on her desk, spread on either side of her monitor, her head thrown back in ecstasy, fucking herself in the middle of the office—was too much to stand. Rebecca tore at the button to her slacks, making herself a promise to buy more skirts as soon as she got paid, and shoved her hand inside her panties. She curled her fingers against her already-swollen clit and let out a long, low moan. With her other hand, she tapped out a response.

RebeccaA:
doing it now

RebeccaB:

Mmm... love it.

RebeccaA:
wish it was you

RebeccaB:
Me too. How wet are you?

RebeccaA:
soaking

RebeccaB:
Mmm good. Go get my vibrator.

Rebecca sat up straight, startled by the command. Once again, it was like her not-clone was reading her mind; she'd still been lost in the fantasy of watching Rebecca B using it on herself. Now that she had permission, though, she moved through the maze of moveable dividers quickly, not bothering to re-fasten her pants, until she got to Rebecca B's cubicle. She knelt down and pulled open the bottom drawer. In the very back, behind all the hanging file folders, she found a plastic shopping bag wrapped around a cloth bag wrapped around a box.

She opened the box and gaped. In her mind, Rebecca B had stashed a thin, discreet vibrator, nothing like the 8-inch studded monster that she found herself staring at. Once again, she couldn't help looking around the blessedly empty office space, a new flush of embarrassment staining her cheeks. She scooped up bags and box, pushed the drawer closed with her foot, and rushed back to her cubicle.

RebeccaA:
Got it.

RebeccaB:
Like it?

RebeccaA:
It's huge!

RebeccaB:
Mm-hmm. Try it, you'll like it.

Rebecca twisted the end, and the thing came alive in her hand. It was stronger than just about anything she'd ever used on herself, and the way the studs danced against her palm made her body tingle at the thought of what they could do elsewhere.

RebeccaB:
Check your email. Sent you some inspiration.

She clicked over, and sure enough, there was a message from

rebeccab waiting for her. Inside was an embedded image of Rebecca B obviously shot from her laptop's webcam positioned by her feet. She was sitting up in the bed, gloriously naked exactly the way Rebecca had been imagining her. The image quality wasn't the best, but even so, Rebecca could make out the flush mottling her pale skin, the dark nipples sticking out firmly from the milky-pink areolae, and the dark thatch of hair between her legs, partially shadowed by her thighs. She could also, upon a second look, identify a vibrator, identical to the one in her hand, half-buried in Rebecca B's dark pink cunt.

It was all the encouragement she needed. Rebecca stripped off her slacks and panties, leaving them in a heap at the foot of her chair. She slid down in the seat, propping one leg up on her desk and throwing the other over the arm of her chair. Almost as an afterthought, she pulled the keyboard down and propped it on her thigh before easing the tip of the vibrator down against her clit. The intensity made her jump so much, she almost tipped the chair over. She fumbled with the control and dialed the strength down to a level she could manage.

RebeccaA:
holy shit thats good

RebeccaB:
Knew you'd like it.

RebeccaA:
feels so good on my clit

RebeccaB:
Mmm yeah baby
RebeccaB:
Fuck yourself with my cock for me

By the sounds coming from the computer, the encouraging messages kept coming, but Rebecca wasn't paying any attention to the screen anymore. Her head fell back, and her eyes closed as she lost herself in the sensations of Rebecca B's vibrator. She turned it in her hand to get a better grip, and the studs shifted against her clit in *just* the right way. Her entire body started to shake as if it were trying to vibrate at the same pace as the toy. The keyboard fell off her thigh and banged against the drawers under the desk, but Rebecca couldn't have cared less. She opened her mouth to scream, but the orgasm stole her voice completely, leaving her only a shuddering sigh to vocalize her rapture.

It took her both hands to be steady enough to turn the vibrator off and set it on the desk while she caught her breath. She inhaled the musk of sweat and come in great gulps, and it wasn't until the computer chimed again that she fully remembered where she was. She gingerly pulled her legs down and stretched them out as she retrieved

the keyboard and looked at her monitor.

RebeccaB:
That good, huh? LOL

Rebecca stared at the message in confusion. Where had that come from? She started to type out a response and then noticed the line just above that question.

RebeccaA:
awesr76rx87608uh=0o

RebeccaB:
That good, huh? LOL

It took Rebecca another few seconds to get her giggles under control enough to type again.

RebeccaA:
Dropped the keyboard. LOL

RebeccaB:
Is that a yes, then?

RebeccaA:
Hell yes.

RebeccaB:
Glad to hear it. :)

RebeccaA:
So... what now?

RebeccaB:
Round two at my place?

RebeccaA:
:D You bring the Netflix, I'll bring the beer.

RebeccaB:
Hell with the beer, just bring the vibrator. I'll email you my address.

RebeccaA:
You got it. See you soon.

RebeccaB:
Oh, wait. What about your ticket?

RebeccaA:
Fuck it, it's the weekend. It can wait til Monday.

Rebecca pulled her pants back on, printed out the address to put into her GPS, and deleted her chat history for good measure before shutting her computer down. As she headed for the elevator, vibrator tucked safely in her purse, she got the distinct impression that she'd be working a lot less overtime from now on.

Three Strikes

Piper Vaughn

Insolent.

That was the only word that came to mind as I looked at Jeremy Saitou. Everything about him seemed to radiate impudence—his brightly colored hair (red enough to rival any fire engine), his pierced brow and lower lip, the electric blue plugs in his earlobes, his mouth, which—thanks to a small scar on the right side of his upper lip—was curled into a permanent sneer.

Then there were the tattoos, mostly hidden by the long sleeved button-up he wore, which covered him from shoulder to wrist on both arms and swirled across his chest in a pattern I'd only glimpsed through the V-neck of his shirts.

The ink, his posture, the tight shirt and even tighter pants, his studded black belt and scuffed up boots—it all lent to his general air of complete and utter cockiness. You could count on fewer than one finger the amount of fucks Jeremy gave about the call center *or* his job.

His piss poor attitude, which he'd had since the very beginning, irritated the shit out of me. How he'd gotten hired, I had no idea, but it was just my luck to get him assigned to my shift.

I oversaw the customer service department for Alpine Insurance from four to midnight, the final shift before the center closed for the night and the calls got redirected to our sister call center in Jakarta until our six A.M. crew started. We were responsible for maintaining our customers' home and auto policies while dealing with whatever issues might arise outside of actual claims. There were five teams on the loyalty floor at any given time, and every team had a supervisor. Each of those supervisors reported to me, the floor manager, for anything they couldn't handle during the course of their shift.

Jeremy often popped up on that list. But this time, well, I wasn't annoyed about having him in my office, slumped into one of the two chairs in front of my desk and exuding disdain like some kind of cheap, overbearing cologne. With this latest incident, he'd gotten his third strike, which officially put him out of the game. I couldn't wait to send him and all his attitude packing.

In part, it was a pity. There *was* one thing I would miss: the sight of his ass in those skin tight pants every day. Not a very managerial thought, I know, but it truly was a sight to behold. Round, pert, delectable. I wouldn't have minded exploring it for an hour or two. But, God, no other person had ever annoyed me more. He got under

my skin, a virus spreading through my bloodstream, an itch I'd never be able to scratch. It drove me crazy. So, while I'd certainly miss the view, I couldn't say I'd be sad to see him go. Temptation like Jeremy Saitou was the very last thing a newly appointed floor manager needed. Hell, maybe the last thing *any* man needed. He'd be the type to drag you over fire, and then walk away laughing. No way to get close to him without being burned.

Jeremy arched an eyebrow at me as I tried to push those traitorous thoughts aside, his voice cutting across the silence that stretched between us. "Well?"

"You know why you're here." I shuffled through the paperwork on my desk until I found the complaint his supervisor had written up. "It says here you were overheard calling a customer a 'douche bag' and telling him to go, um, 'screw himself.'"

Jeremy leaned forward in his chair and looked at the sheet I was referring to. He shrugged lightly. "Actually, what I said was, 'sit on it and rotate, McDouche.'"

I fought back the sigh that threatened to rise in my chest and steepled my hands—mostly so I wouldn't reach across the desk and wrap my fingers around his graceful, infuriating neck. "Here at Alpine Insurance, we strive to put the customer first. This—"

"Spare me, *Shawn*," Jeremy interrupted, rolling his eyes. "I heard it all in the training videos."

"The training videos you so obviously ignored," I returned, smiling tightly.

Jeremy shrugged again, just a half-hearted lift of one of his slender shoulders. "Whatever you say, Shawn."

The urge to leap over the desk and choke him intensified. I wanted to demand he call me 'Mr. Cole', especially if he was going to be a dick whenever he said my birth name, but company policy stated everyone on staff be on a first name basis. Supposedly, it fostered a 'sense of teamwork' and 'managerial approachability'. Ha. As if that weren't the biggest crock of shit I'd ever heard.

Never mind the fact that the rule hadn't bothered me before Jeremy Saitou and his smartass mouth. Now I wished I could strike it from the company handbook and force him to show me a bit of respect. Preferably on his knees.

Instead, I said, "Well, I'm sure you realize this is your third and final write up. Human Resources will be in touch with your discharge paperwork in the next few days. As for right now, you can either leave or work the rest of your shift. Your choice."

Jeremy stared at me for a long time, his eyes dark and inscrutable. Their slight slant was the only thing that gave away his half-Japanese heritage, aside from his alabaster skin. At a quick glance, I wagered

most people wouldn't think he was anything but Caucasian.

Finally, he spoke. "How about this? I do you a little favor, and in return, you give me another chance. Just one. And if I mess up again, you can fire my ass."

I gave a soft, incredulous laugh. "Really, I don't think you're in the position to try to bargain. What could you possibly have to offer me to make it worth my while? I highly doubt you'd welcome the responsibility of additional tasks when you can scarcely handle your own."

"It depends on what those... tasks might be."

I blinked at him, taking in the quirk of his mouth and the sudden heat in his eyes. My throat tightened. "I'm not sure I know what you mean," I forced out. But I did know. If he said what I thought he was going to say, Jeremy was about to cross a line I thought not even *he* would cross.

"I'll let you fuck me," Jeremy said softly. "Whenever you want. *Wherever* you want."

The bluntness of his words shocked me. I'd never been propositioned in a work environment before. I sat there in silence, unsure of how to respond. Or, well, my *brain* was unsure. My cock had already hardened at the idea of bending him over my desk and reaming his ass until that little shit couldn't walk.

"I've seen you watching me," Jeremy continued when I didn't speak. "Don't even try to pretend you don't want me. I can feel your eyes on my ass every time I walk past this office."

It took a few seconds, but eventually I found my bearings. This time my laugh had a hard edge. "I see what you're playing at, Jeremy. I wasn't born yesterday. If I agreed to your little offer here, I'm sure you'd slap a sexual harassment suit on me so fast my head would spin." I snorted and sat back in my chair. "No dice. Try it on someone else and see how far you get."

Jeremy huffed and crossed his arms over his chest. "Fine, then," he said. "How about this instead? You give me a week to improve. Five work days. If by next Friday, you still think I deserve to go, I'll walk away without any fuss."

I tilted my head and looked at him, considering. "Or I could just make you go now."

"You could." He nodded. "But you won't. Out of every manager in this place, no one else is more fair. I've heard you're known for giving second chances, if they're deserved."

My brows shot upward. "And you think you deserve one?" If disbelief filled my voice, I don't think he could have blamed me.

To his credit, he flushed, his cheeks reddening under my stare. "I..." He trailed off and licked his lips, quick and nervous. "I *need* this

job. Please."

I could tell it wasn't an easy thing for him to say. He was glaring at me, and his words sounded choked, as if he'd had to fight to get them out. How he could so casually offer up the use of his body and yet clearly begrudge the idea of asking me nicely, I had no clue. But as much as a part of me *did* want to see him gone, had it been anyone else asking, I would have allowed them the extra week. I had no choice but to grant him the same.

"All right," I said. "Five days. But if you *really* want to keep this job, you're going to have to learn to rein in your mouth when you talk to the customers. Our job is to serve their insurance needs, not verbally abuse them."

Jeremy's lips tightened. "He asked for my full name, and then he called me a 'cocksucking Jap' because I wouldn't clear his DUI from our records and reinstate his policy. I didn't think I agreed to put up with ethnic slurs when I signed up for this job. But I guess you wouldn't know anything about that."

I shook my head. "No, you're not expected to put up with any kind of abuse, racial or otherwise. I apologize for that. It's regrettable, but those instances are what your team supervisors are for. If it happens again, ask the customer to hold and transfer the call to your supervisor. If they refuse to deal with the call, you come to me."

Jeremy nodded curtly. "Fine. Are we done then?"

I battled back another sigh at his tone. What had I expected? Gratitude? Not likely. "Yeah," I said. "We're done. See you on Monday."

Jeremy stood and turned toward the door.

"Oh, and Jeremy?" I called just as he reached it. "If you need this job as much as you say you do, you'll make it through next week without calling anyone a 'McDouche.'"

A few hours after my meeting with Jeremy, I made my way to Alpine's on-site fitness center for my usual post-shift workout before heading home. The weekend passed as I expected it to—uneventfully. I jogged both days, worked on the beat up, old '67 Impala I was in the middle of restoring, cleaned the apartment, and picked up some groceries. Nothing exciting. Not unless you counted the three times I'd jerked off while thinking of Jeremy and his offer.

As I walked back in to Alpine on Monday morning, I considered the very real possibility that Jeremy wouldn't bother showing up at all and tried to tell myself I wouldn't be disappointed if he didn't. There he was, though, sitting at his desk, his shock of red hair standing out like a beacon in the sea of cubicles that made up the area outside of my office. And not only was he there, but he was over twenty minutes

early.

Seeing that he was actually taking his role seriously for once made me feel better about the decision to give him another chance. Only time would tell if he could keep it up for the rest of the work week, but we were off to a good start.

What would have made it even better? If I could've somehow ignored the way my breath hitched, the warmth that suffused my stomach, the way my skin prickled, sensitized, at just the idea of him being there.

That would have made it awesome.

I kept expecting my work to be interrupted by a call from Jeremy's team supervisor, but it never happened. The shift ended without a single complaint, and as I made my way to the fitness area that night, I couldn't help but be grudgingly proud. Jeremy annoyed me like no one else, but he drew me in the same way. As much as I wanted him gone, for both my sanity and peace of mind, I also couldn't picture being at Alpine without him there. He appealed to me as much as he infuriated me. I honestly didn't know what to do with the mix of feelings being near him inspired.

Well, no sense dwelling on it now. He might be gone in a week.

The thought was both comforting and not. I did my best to shove it aside as I stepped into the men's locker room and exchanged my business attire and dress shoes for a short-sleeved T-shirt, loose track pants, and the pair of beat-up Nike trainers I should have long since replaced. My iPod and a bottle of water were the last things I grabbed. I carried them into the workout area and paused to connect my iPod to the auxiliary cable attached to the sound system in the corner.

The great thing about the Alpine's fitness center at midnight was the fact that it was always deserted, so there was no one to complain if I blasted my music. I flicked through the menus until I found my exercise mix, turned up the volume, and pressed play. The songs on the playlist were mainly dance tracks, ones with fast, pulsing rhythms to help keep me motivated while I worked out.

I settled into my typical routine, kicking things off with some warm-up cardio. Typically, I switched between jogging and cycling throughout the week. Since I'd jogged over the weekend, I ignored the treadmills in favor of one of the stationary bikes. I'd just finished choosing an exercise program when I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye.

It was so unexpected, I jumped, my heartbeat racing. The person standing near the locker room door was both the first and last one I wanted to see.

Jeremy.

I opened my mouth to say something—I wasn't sure what—but Jeremy didn't even glance my way. He strolled across the room to the row of three treadmills, his ass gloriously encased in a pair of stretchy yoga pants that looked practically painted on. He was wearing a tank top that clung to his torso, showing off piercings in both of his nipples, lots of firm, lean muscle, and more of the tattoo that stretched across his upper chest. From what I could see, there were two wings that extended from some type of wheel in the center, directly over his sternum. The tips of the wings ended right before the balls of his shoulders on either side. Then his sleeves started, colorful ink sprawling downward to each slender wrist.

I had a moment, a very *real* moment, when I nearly gave in to the urge to cross the room to him and start tracing those lines with my tongue. Still he ignored me, casual as could be, as if his presence there were totally normal, even though I knew for a fact he'd never once stepped into the fitness area at the end of his shift.

Jeremy got on his treadmill and started it up. While he fiddled with the controls, I finally managed to pull myself together. I snapped my mouth shut, dragged my attention away from Jeremy, and forced myself to begin pedaling.

Of course, not looking at him didn't mean I could put his being there from my mind. What was he doing? Why had he come? Had he only just realized the fitness center was freely available for employee use, or was it some kind of game?

Those questions plagued me as I went through my workout routine, scrolling around in my head like an electronic stock ticker, too fast for me to really make sense of, let alone find the answers to.

He did his thing, and I did mine, moving on to the weights and trying to pretend his very presence wasn't driving me to distraction. We didn't speak, and he didn't complain about the music. We just exercised to the soundtrack of my workout mix, and when he was done, while I was still doing my cool down stretches, he left as quietly as he had come.

The same thing happened the next night, and the night after that. On Thursday, though, things changed.

He came in wearing a similar outfit to the ones he'd worn all the other days, except halfway through his jog, he stripped off his tank top and tossed it aside. Needless to say, it was hard to look at anything else after that.

I sneaked glances at his glistening skin whenever I got the chance. Save for a wicked-looking skull tattoo on his left shoulder blade, his back was surprisingly free of ink. That long stretch of unmarked alabaster tempted me almost more than the rest of him. I wanted to lick, nibble, suck, and find out how he tasted there, how that flawless

skin would feel against my lips and fingertips. I wanted to drag my tongue along his spine to the nape of his neck and gnaw on him a little. I wanted to follow that same path down to the waistline of his pants, tug them down, and reveal that pert, luscious ass that had been taunting me for months on end.

Jesus Christ. He was gorgeous. Every inch of him. All I'd seen and, I'd venture to say, all I hadn't seen as well.

It was unreal how much I wanted him then, a yearning more intense than any I'd ever felt before, a need to bury myself inside him and make him mine, show him who was well and truly in charge, the possessor, the one to whom he belonged.

His eyes met mine across the room just as that thought crossed my mind. He stopped what he was doing and stood there, his chin tilted up, his mouth as insolent as ever, practically daring me to come to him.

I accepted the challenge, leaving the weight bench and crossing the room to him, invading his personal space and forcing him to tilt his head back even farther to look at me. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Trying to trap me? It won't work."

He shook his head, a quick, sharp motion. "This isn't about trapping you. I offered to let you fuck me. That offer still stands."

Almost against my will, I touched him, settling my hands on his bare waist, my fingers digging into his heated skin. "Why?" I demanded, and then shivered when *his* fingers slipped under the hem of my T-shirt, skating lightly over the sweat-dampened flesh at the small of my back.

"Because as much as I need this job, that wasn't why I offered." He leaned up and nipped at my chin, his teeth scraping across my day's worth of stubble. "I want you. I have since the beginning. I thought this might be my only chance to have you."

I groaned when his questing lips slid down my neck and his teeth delivered another bite, this one sharper, stinging. "You drive me fucking crazy. You know that?"

I felt his smile against my skin. "I tend to have that effect on people."

His fingers circled around to my front, dipping below the waistline of my athletic shorts. I was tempted to let him go further, so very tempted, but I had to put a stop to it before things got out of hand. "We can't do this here," I said, breathless.

Jeremy ignored me, his hand finding my cock and squeezing gently. "We can, and we will," he murmured into the hollow at the base of my throat. His fiery colored hair tickled as it grazed my chin. "Come on. No one else is here. Just us."

He was probably right. Normally, when I finished my workout, I

was the last one out of the building. There were no guards, no overnight staff. Still, there was a risk involved. Just because no one had ever shown up before didn't mean it wasn't possible.

"The locker room," I gasped out as he continued to massage my cock, his thumb skimming over the pre-come that had beaded at the tip. "We can lock the door."

Jeremy nodded. He pulled his hand from my shorts with obvious reluctance, and we separated long enough to gather our respective belongings. Once in the locker room, he secured the door behind us and dropped his shirt to the floor.

"Come here," he said, grabbing my hand and dragging me over to a nearby bench. He sat and pulled me between his spread thighs, tugging me closer until my crotch was even with his face. Without another word, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my shorts and the jock I wore underneath and yanked them both down at once.

My cock sprang free, achingly hard and jutting straight out from my pelvis. He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the head, smearing his lips across the fluid that had collected there and painting his full, soft mouth with my pre-come. "You smell good," he whispered, and then flicked out his tongue, rubbing the barbell that pierced it across my slit. "You taste even better."

I hissed and fisted a hand in his hair, urging him to take me in. "Suck me. I want to see your pretty mouth wrapped around my dick."

Jeremy might have had an issue with authority when it came to work, but he didn't hesitate to follow my command right then. He flashed me a sly grin and parted his lips, sucking me in and engulfing my cock in slick, wet heat.

I couldn't tear my gaze away from his face as he worked me over, his suction perfect, his tongue clever, his fingers light and teasing on my balls. He stared back at me, his eyes hot and dark, so dark, from beneath the fringe of his fiery red bangs.

Between his skill and my eagerness, all the months I'd spent craving him and hating him in turn, it wasn't long before my orgasm overtook me. I trembled and choked out a moan as it started, releasing his hair so he could pull back if he wanted, but Jeremy kept me inside, sucking hard as the first jet of my release spilled onto his tongue.

Heat rushed through me, starting low in my pelvis and spreading fast. My eyes slammed shut, and behind my lids, I watched as a block of color broke apart one tiny piece at a time and vanished into nothingness.

After it was over, Jeremy pulled back and licked his lips, pink and swollen from his efforts. Before he could speak, I lowered myself to my knees in front of him. I bent down and pressed my lips to the

bulge that strained the front of his pants, inhaling his scent, musk, clean sweat, and nuzzling lightly at the length of his cock.

I reached the tip and paused when I felt something circular and unyielding. My eyebrows furrowed, but only for a moment. It didn't take much longer to figure out what the hardness was. Another piercing.

I looked up at him. "Let me see it."

Jeremy smirked a little and lifted his hips so I could pull down his pants. His cock, impressively large for a man of his size, made my mouth water—especially when I got to the curved barbell at the head.

I'd never been with a guy who had a Prince Albert piercing, though I'd seen my fair share of pictures. The idea of one had always intrigued me, but as far as body modifications went, I was totally vanilla. I had no ink and not a single piercing to my name. Maybe that was why I'd always been attracted to the exact opposite.

I licked at the barbell, which felt smooth against my tongue and warm from his body heat. Jeremy moaned softly when I followed that lick with a swirl around his cockhead, tasting the bitterness of his pre-come and the salt of sweat. Suddenly, it was like something possessed me and I couldn't get enough. I sucked him down as far as I could, taking him to the back of my throat and swallowing around his tip, using every dirty little trick I knew to drive him out of his mind.

The sound of my name was the only warning I had before his come filled my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could and cleaned up what I'd missed with my tongue as his cock began to soften. Jeremy's fingers, which had threaded into my hair at some point, tightened and drew my head away.

Our eyes met, mine wide in surprise at myself, his dark and satiated. "So, have I earned my second chance?" he asked.

I blinked at him for a moment, and then jerked away, my stomach plummeting. "That," I said, my voice cracking halfway through. "That's not—I—this wasn't—"

He reached for me and pulled me back down. "Stop. That's not what I meant. I just need to know, should I bother coming in tomorrow? Are you letting me go?"

I struggled against the queasiness that had sprung up inside me at his original question and the fear that what had happened between us had simply been an act to make sure his job was secured. I hadn't thought so at the beginning. Right then it was hard to be certain.

"I... Yes, you still have your job." I brushed his arms from my shoulders and got to my feet, pausing to pull up my jockstrap and shorts so I wouldn't trip over them on the way to my locker. "The call with that customer wasn't recorded. I can discard the write-up. But the next time something like that happens, it'll be your last."

I turned and started toward my locker. A shower could wait until I got home. I didn't want to be in that room with him for a second longer than I had to be.

He watched me in silence as I packed up my bag, sitting with his pants still halfway down, his expression inscrutable. "That's it?" he asked when I reached the door.

I glanced at him over my shoulder. When I answered, my voice was harsher than I'd intended, undoubtedly revealing some of the emotions I'd have preferred to keep hidden. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to care. "You got what you came for. What else do you want?"

Jeremy just looked at me for long seconds. He shook his head. "What I came for is about to leave me sitting here like a chump with my cock still out," he said. "When I said I wanted you, I meant it."

Somehow my legs took over even as my brain struggled to understand what he had said. I found myself in front of him again without a clear memory of having moved. "I'm sorry. I thought... well, it doesn't matter. I want you, too."

Jeremy arched a brow at me. "Then let's get out of here. Your place, mine, I don't care. I want you to fuck me. And tomorrow, maybe we can skip the exercise, and you can take me out for a drink."

"Yeah?" I said, relief making me grin. "Maybe *you* should be the one buying. I figure after last week, you owe me one, McDouche."

Jeremy's lips quirked briefly before he smothered the expression. "Yeah," he murmured. "I guess I do."

About the Authors

Rob Rosen (www.therobrosen.com), San Francisco-based author of the novels "Sparkle: The Queerest Book You'll Ever Love", "Divas Las Vegas", which was the winner of the 2010 TLA Gaybies for Best Gay Fiction, "Hot Lava", "Southern Fried", and "Queerwolf", has had short stories featured in more than 170 anthologies. He has twice been nominated for a Lambda Literary Award and wrote erotic fiction for MEN, Freshmen, and [2] Magazines for 5+ years.

K. Piet was born in California, raised in Flagstaff, Arizona, and currently lives in Tampa, Florida. After studying in three different states and graduating magna cum laude with a degree in Kinesiological Sciences, K. pursued a career in therapeutic bodywork and massage. Her private massage business emphasizes deep tissue and sports massage for circus performers, dancers, and athletes.

Along with co-author S.L. Armstrong, she helped found Storm Moon Press, an independent publishing company with a focus on quality QUILTBAG fiction spanning from erotic to genre to young adult titles. They have also co-authored and released several books together, including Catalyst, Other Side of Night: Bastian & Riley, and their illustrated novel, Making Ends Meet.

K. enjoys writing in the high fantasy and paranormal/supernatural genres, adding her own homoerotic, and often kinky, flair to her fiction. She looks forward to expanding her own works to include more bisexual and trans* characters in addition to the gay and lesbian titles already under her belt.

In her spare time, K. also enjoys drawing, hoopdancing, musical theatre, and circus arts such as flying trapeze and aerial silks. Her love of the human body and its endless possibilities bleeds into nearly every facet of her life. With her schooling and career all panned out, all she's missing is a beau to admire up close and personal. Or two. The more the merrier.

L. Alonso Corona was born in a town in Northern Spain in 1983. She finished Film Studies in Madrid before moving to London to pursue a career in theatre writing. She has attended workshops and

has translated Heidi James' experimental novel "Carbon" into Spanish. She lives in West London and is working towards a degree in Creative Writing.

Ann Anderson is a dreamer with too many stories and not enough time. Reading since she finally managed to figure out which direction the book was supposed to face, not upside down according to her second grade teacher, Ann has been reading everything that comes across her path. It wasn't until her first year of high school that she found her passion for writing through the wonderful world of fanfiction, and Ann has never looked back since that first story that is still incomplete and waiting for the characters to have their own happy ending. When not writing, Ann can be found working at a cafe or at her computer working on line editing or content editing for various publishers which she discovered was a viable career option in college when switching majors. She enjoys the Chicago winters that blow into her little area of Crystal Lake and watching the cats decide if they really want to go outside in the snow or if they'd rather knock the laptop out of her lap and curl up.

K. Lynn has been an avid reader and writer since childhood. In her youth, she could most likely be found in the local library, devouring books that covered everything from WWII History to Dr. McCoy's latest adventures aboard the Enterprise, with some X-Men thrown in for good measure. Once she had read everything that was on the shelves, she turned around and read them again. K. Lynn was also known to create elaborate adventures that more than once made it to the page. Ink-filled papers gave way to overflowing computer memory as the years went on, but the stories never ceased.

While in college, K. Lynn increased her involvement in LGBT issues and writing within the LGBT fiction genre. She has become a long-time fan of the authors that seek to explore the commonality that exists within all sexualities and genders. Most of K. Lynn's work features LGBT characters, many of whom are in established relationships and show how love perseveres through every trial and tribulation that life holds. She also has a particular interest in seeing transgender characters gain a larger foothold within the LGBT fiction genre, hoping that the market for these works expand in the future.

K. Lynn has degrees and certificates from UNC-Chapel Hill in the areas of American History, Religion, Creative Writing, Public Health, and Journalism. She is a member of Mensa and has an extensive writing and editing background. To her, life is an ongoing adventure where she seeks to learn something new every day. When K. Lynn is

not writing short stories, she is working on her novels. Her interests range from erotica to education, with stops along the way in paranormal fiction, historical novels, and established relationship romance. Give her a good story and she's willing to read.

John Amory is a relative newcomer to the world of M/M erotica. His work is forthcoming in the Lethe Press anthology *Melt in Your Mouth*, edited by Steve Berman, to be printed in 2013.

Harper Bliss has traveled the world in search of sexual satisfaction. She now resides in a hot Asian country and dedicates her time to writing down the stories that have inspired and aroused her.

Harper has had short stories published in anthologies by Xcite Books, House of Erotica, and Storm Moon Press. She is the author of the *High Rise* series and several other novelettes and novellas for Ladylit.

After years on hiatus from her writing, **Raven de Hart**, a writer of gay erotica, has returned to her work, crafting tantalizing tales, salacious stories, and erotic escapades for all. Though her older work is all but lost, much of her new work can be found in self-published eBooks, although some has wormed its way into more traditional publishing methods. Her work has been featured in the anthology Roboterotica through Pill Hill Press, and other pieces are currently under contract with Ravenous Romance and Cleis Press. She is also a member of the Kitten Knights, and was featured in their first anthology, *Six Sexy Shifters*. When not writing or researching for her next story, she can be found making wine, tending her garden, playing with her basset hound, Millie, and trying to figure out this new-fangled Internet fad. More information can be found at http://dehartslist.blogspot.com or at http://kittenknights.com.

Anna Hedley hails from the North East of England, where the climate lends itself to indoor pursuits like writing. She splits her time between living with and caring for her disabled parents, drinking copious amounts of tea and freelance modeling. Her first book will be published next year by Less Than Three Press and she has recently had a short story accepted for inclusion in the Dead Sexy anthology published by Xcite Books, which will be released later this year. She specializes in erotica, in particular femme domme, lesbian, and gay works.

Lor Rose lives in Houston, Texas with her six dogs, three snakes, two horses, and two cats. She began writing when she finally figured out how to move the pencil properly in grade school. She started her first diary at age six and never finished. Keeping a diary never interested Lor, but writing fictional stories and poetry has always sparked her imagination.

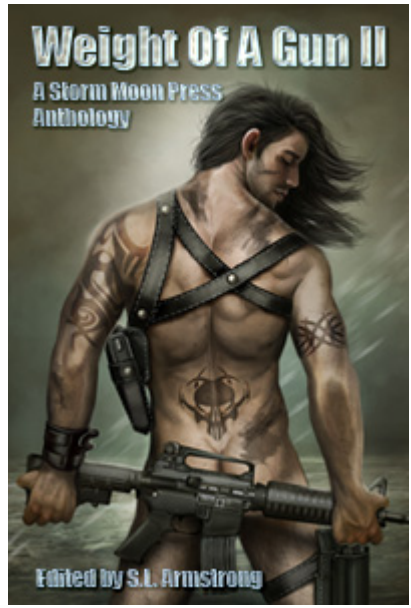
In fifth grade, a friend's tragic death almost stole away Lor's passion for writing. Middle school pulled a poem or two from her, but nothing like before. High school brought along an English teacher who demanded she write something. So write Lor did. Her teacher soon set a new rule for Lor's class. Everyone else has a minimum. Lor had a maximum. She commented to Lor several times that she doesn't have the time to read a novel.

You may find Lor most days curled up letting her characters tell her their story or riding one of her horses with friends.

Erik Moore was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. From a young age, he was an avid reader, and recalls that the first book he read on his own was *Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day*. He was teased at school for being a geek and frequently dealt with it by retreating into the fantasy worlds of stories, other people's at first, and then those of his own creation. Though a writing enthusiast, his first love and vocation will always be computer programming and website development. He currently resides in Florida with his wife and their menagerie of dogs and cats, and wears his geek label proudly.

Piper Vaughn wrote her first love story at eleven and never looked back. Since then, she's known that writing in some form was exactly what she wanted to do. A reader at the core, Piper loves nothing more than getting lost in a great book—fantasy, young adult, romance, she loves them all (and has a thousand book library to prove it!). She grew up in Chicago, in an ethnically diverse neighborhood, and loves to put faces and characters of every ethnicity in her stories, so her fictional worlds are as colorful as the real one. Above all, she believes that everyone needs a little true love in their life... even if it's only in a book.

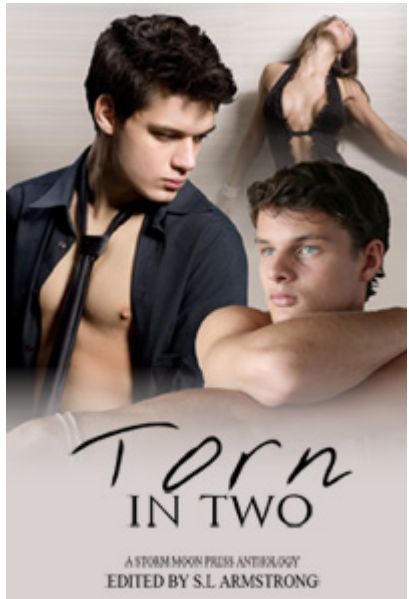
Visit her website at: http://pipervaughn.com.



Everyone knows that guns are dangerous; they have long been a subject surrounded by controversy. Combine them with sex and you have a subject that is virtually taboo, but smoking hot. Our second gun kink anthology continues to push the envelope of combining sex and guns with three more stories hot enough to cause powder burns.

Continuing in the world of *The Machinist*, Avery Belfour and his captor/lover Lord Harrow now face the threat of *The Inquisitor*. But Harrow is very possessive of his prize and has no intention of turning Avery over without a fight. Then, a routine black market bust goes wrong for Officer Caleb Baker. He ends up *Playing With the Big Boys* when the thieves get the drop on him and decide to have some fun with their new catch. And finally, Cole Beauchamp is the greatest pistoleer of all time; he's also thoroughly unpleasant and has a habit of scaring away his assistants. But when he is sought out by a devotee with a love of guns that matches his own, Cole finds a new respect for *Benjamin Pepperwhistle and the Fantabulous Circus of Wonders*.

Now available from Storm Moon Press!
Digital: $3.99



It is often said that bisexual men are 'torn in two' by the opposing expectations from society. They are often accused of being confused or riding the proverbial fence between gay and straight. To many others, their attraction to men makes them 'not straight', while their attraction to women makes them 'not gay'. It is this conflict that sets them apart and often ostracizes them from both communities. Torn In Two is a collection of short stories highlighting bisexual men, including their relationships with both men and women.

On the rebound from an ended relationship, Daniel visits his old friend Jude looking for some direction in his life. Jude and his wife Celeste offer him solace in their arms, and the comfort of *Songs from Devil Lake*. Then, in *Syncopation*, Jonathan Tager's budding music career is thrust into the limelight when scandal reveals his bisexuality. Everyone from his management to his new female soloist seems to have an opinion about it, too, but the one opinion that matters to Jonathan belongs to Peter Merritt, a British single father who has everything to lose if he gets too close to such a controversial celebrity. Finally, Phillip Farrell accidentally makes two dates on the same night —one with a woman, and one with a man. When the scheme inevitably falls apart and he has to come clean, he learns first-hand why "to assume" means to make *An Ass Out of You and Me*.

Now available from Storm Moon Press!

Digital: $4.99 / Print: $9.99

Ah, the holidays. Gifts and songs. Tinsel and lights. Whips and chains? That's right. This holiday anthology is all about BDSM, filled with characters who know that sometimes it's Nice to be Naughty. This collection of five stories includes gay, lesbian, bisexual, trans*, and straight couples (and moresomes) that share a common desire for the kinkier side of sex: sensual bondage, sexual domination, and genuine, loving submission. And what better time to explore this dynamic of giving and receiving than the holidays? 'Tis the season, after all!

In *Holidays in Hell*, Jonas is an incubus searching for one final soul to finish out his contract, but as a self-styled connoisseur, it has to be the right one. But when he finds the beautiful Holly Pendleton, Jonas is struck by her innocence and puts his own eternal comfort in jeopardy to protect her. Then, shapeshifting Ellis learns from his new master William about the traditions and true meaning of First Day, stories kept from him by his spiteful former master. The day of celebration becomes even sweeter when Ellis opens his presents and receives the *Gift of the Familiar*—and then has William try it out on him!

For New Year's Eve, Ebet is afraid she's *Pushing the Line* by bringing her girlfriend Meg home to meet her family for the first time. Meg is confident things will go fine, but Ebet is a mess, so Meg steals them away and proceeds to give Ebet something else to focus her energy on —her. Next, all that submissive Jeffrey wants from his mistress Athena

is the *Gift of Self*, for Athena to recognize Jeffrey's true identity as Jessie, a self-described "woman with a penis". Athena is scared and confused at first; she loves her slave-boy, but isn't sure that she can accept this a change this big. Finally, in *The Sub's Gift*, the submissive Kyle gets an early Christmas present from Ryan and Amber, his Master and Mistress. But when that present turns out to be a sister-slave, Kyle wonders about his place in this new dynamic.

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